A

Wm Benson

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VIRGIL's HUSBANDRY,

OR AN

ESSAY

ON THE

GEORGICKS.

V.de Gucht Sculpt

VIRGIL's *Husbandry*,

OR AN

ESSAY

ON THE

GEORGICS:

Being the SECOND BOOK

Tranſlated into ENGLISH VERSE.

To which are added

The *Latin* Text, and Mr. *Dryden*'s Verſion.

With NOTES Critical, and Ruſtick.

Inſtruct the liſt'ning World how MARO *Sings*
Of Uſeful Subjects, and of Lofty Things.

Roſcommon. Eſſay on Tranſlat. Verſe.

The SECOND EDITION.

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THE PREFACE.

THERE are few Ways of ſpending one's Time more idly than in finding Faults in the Labours of other People; eſpecially of any one that has acquir'd a general Reputation: Neither is there any thing more invidious than ſuch an Undertaking, for Reaſons too obvious to be mention'd. If ever this tedious Task is ſet about with any ſort of Satisfaction, it muſt be when a third Perſon is concern'd in the Diſpute, and where the only Aim is to do Juſtice to the Injur'd.

That this is the preſent Caſe I need not make uſe of many Words to demonſtrate; becauſe the Thing will ſhew itſelf.

Whatever Reſpect may be due to Mr. *Dryden*'s Name as a Poet, certainly as much may be allow'd to VIRGIL's. The Latter has been a *common Cauſe* amongſt Writers for many Ages, and in all probability will ever remain ſo: Therefore to appear in it at any Time does not argue any great Singularity of Temper.

How the celebrated Tranſlator has copied the Originals in the *Bucolics*, and in the *Æneid*, will not be brought into this Inquiry, which is confin'd entirely to the *Georgics*: And with Relation to this Piece, I believe it may be affirm'd, without the leaſt Aggravation, that no Author ever did greater Injuſtice to another in every reſpect poſſible, than the *Engliſh* Poet has done the *Roman* on this Occaſion. Before I come to Particulars on this Subject, I ſhall take

Notice in general, that there were two Things which ought to have prevented Mr. *Dryden* from touching upon this Part of *Virgil*, for any Conſideration whatever. One was his perfect Ignorance of the Subject which *Virgil* treats of: And the other, the diſtinguiſhing Purity of this Piece, which may be juſtly ſtil'd the *chaſteſt* Poem of the *chaſteſt* Poet: Now it is but too viſible that the Tranſlator's Fancy, or Genius, or Temper of Mind, call it as we will, was ſo unalterably bent to Wantonneſs, that he was utterly incapable of entring in any Manner into the Senſe or Ideas of his Author, almoſt throughout the whole Work. It is very probable Mr. *Dryden* undertook the *Georgic* only *par maniere d'acquit*, as he is pleas'd to ſay he writ his Notes on *Virgil:* But one would have thought nothing ſhould have induc'd him to have hurt his Maſter, much leſs his Father, as he is ſtil'd, in his moſt tender Part. Mr. *Dryden* Obſerves in one of his Prefaces, that the *Georgic* was what *Virgil* moſt valued himſelf upon; but little did Mr. *Dryden* perceive what it was that gave *Virgil* ſuch an Opinion of it: And indeed there is no Piece amongſt all the Remains of Antiquity that is ſo little underſtood as this, and therefore it may not be improper to ſay ſomething of the Original, before any thing more is ſaid of Mr. *Dryden*'s, or of any other Tranſlation.

The *Georgics*, in every Age, have been the Subject of Admiration and Applauſe amongſt the Learned; all the Ornaments of Rhetoric have been often made uſe of in order to do them Juſtice; but the higheſt Compliment that ever was made, or ever could be made to this wonderful Performance, was by VIRGIL himſelf, who intended to have ſacrificed his ÆNEID to it; what an Idea muſt this raiſe in us of the Excellency of that Work which made its Author judge the ÆNEID not worthy of the Light, after the other had appear'd!

This Circumſtance is ſo ſurprizing that it almoſt prevents us from continuing our Reflections on ſo extraordinary a Subject. However, difficult as it is, this muſt be done before we can diſcover what this great Poet judg'd the higheſt Perfection of Poetry. Such an Inquiry cannot be made but

but by taking a View of each of theſe Poems ſeparately. When it appears what the Plan of each is, what it tends to, and the Manner by which it is carry'd on, we ſhall be able to compare them together, and to judge why their Author prefer'd the one ſo highly before the other.

The *Georgic* has for its Subject the plaineſt and moſt common Things, but at the ſame Time the moſt uſeful to Mankind. The Earth, Trees, Cattle, Plants, Birds, Inſects, and all the Varieties of Nature. The Poet, who was throughly acquainted with her, was not ignorant that many of thoſe things, as they came out of her Hands, wanted that Life and Spirit which are ſo neceſſary to Poetry; and therefore to ſupply this Defect, he undertakes to give them a new Form, and to raiſe up, as it were, another Creation to anſwer his Purpoſe. To this End he endows even the Earth, as well as Vegetables, with Senſe and Paſſions, and the loweſt Degree of animal Being with Reaſon, and Arts, and Policy. By this Means, whilſt he exalts the meaneſt Part of the viſible Creation, he paints the Superior to the Life. Whence it follows, that at the ſame Time that the Reader is inſtructed in the moſt neceſſary Knowledge for the Subſiſtence of his Being, his Mind is furniſh'd with all the Improvements of Arts and Sciences. Theſe the Poet has wonderfully wove into his main Deſign, and at the ſame Time diſplays every Species of the Excellency of Poetry. The juſteſt Commendations are beſtow'd upon true Merit, and the fineſt Satyr is pointed againſt Vanity and Extravagance: Oratory and Rhetoric appear in their utmoſt Splendor: Induſtry, Sobriety, Deſire of Glory, the Love of one's Country, and a religious Frame of Mind, are inculcated with the moſt prevailing Arguments: To all which I ſhall add but one thing more, which is, that the Foundation of the whole is TRUTH.

The *Æneis*, ſtrictly ſpeaking, cannot be look'd upon as any thing elſe but a meer Fable, ſet off with the Decorations of a noble Fancy, and intended to compliment *Auguſtus Cæſar* with a Deſcent from *Æneas*. Beſides *Auguſtus*, this Poem celebrates only the *Roman* People, tho' it muſt not be conceal'd that ſeveral of the moſt worthy of them, with

regard to their Country, are paſs'd over in Silence. The fineſt Ornaments of Fiction are employ'd in this Work, and the Machinery of the Deities is introduced to the greateſt Advantage.

Theſe rough Sketches, in which the principal Out-Lines of both theſe Pieces are drawn, may ſerve to aſſiſt us in forming a Judgment where the Deference is due.

If we conſider the different Subjects, One has the Advantage of Nature or Truth, over Invention or Fable, which is no inconſiderable Circumſtance; for the Mind of Man is ſo form'd, that where Truth appears in its native Charms, it never fails of pleaſing. If we weigh the Extenſiveneſs of theſe Subjects, and the Utility reſulting from them, what Compariſon can be made betwixt the moſt neceſſary Science to the whole Species of Mankind, and a Compliment to a Prince, or One People at moſt? Then as to the Arts of Poetry, how much greater Ability is required to produce ſimple Nature in all her Beauty, than to range the wide Fields of Imagination to furniſh out an entertaining Amuſement! 'Tis true, that Fiction well laid, and confin'd to the Service of Virtue, is no eaſy Task; but an Appeal to Truth and Nature throughout all Ages of Mankind, was the moſt daring Enterprize that could be undertook: 'Tis upon the latter that *Virgil* laid the Foundations of his Immortality; This ſhews the vaſt Spirit of the *Man*, and the Spirit of the *Poet* diſcovers itſelf by the Regard which he evidenc'd for Poetry in the Sacrifice that he would have made of ſo fine a Work as the ÆNEID, to that kind of Poetry which he judged the moſt glorious, and which is undoubtedly the moſt ancient; for in what Service Numbers were originally employ'd, Mr. *Dryden* has admirably ſhewn.

Whether the fruitful Nile *or* Tyrian *Shore,*
The Seeds of Arts and infant Science bore,
'Tis ſure the noble Plant tranſlated firſt
Advanc'd its Head in Græcian *Gardens nurs'd.*
The Græcians *added Verſe, their tuneful Tongue*
Made NATURE *firſt, and* NATURE's GOD *their* SONG.

'Tis

'Tis in this Sort of Poetry that *Virgil* juſtly triumphs, when he celebrates the Glory of having brought the Muſes from *Greece:* and as he was of all Men the moſt grateful, he beſtows due Honours upon thoſe who had made uſe of their Divine Talents in chalking out the Way before him, as *Orpheus*, *Theocritus*, *Heſiod* and *Muſæus*. But as his profound Silence caſts the higheſt Contempt upon *Homer*, it is reaſonable to imagine that *Virgil* look'd upon him as having perverted the Science of which he was ſo great a Maſter, and debaſed Poetry by his vain Fictions. The *Georgic* ſeems to have ſeveral Marks of Indignation peculiarly levell'd at that *Grecian* Poet. There it is that *Virgil* labours hard to turn Poetry into its proper Channel, from whence *Homer* had diverted it. And there it is that *Virgil* ſpirits the irrational, and animates the lifeleſs Creation, to inſtruct Mankind in Reaſon and Virtue, whilſt *Homer* brings down the Deities themſelves to countenance all manner of Folly and Extravagance. But *Virgil* could not but apprehend that if ever his *Æneis* appear'd, the *Romans* in the firſt Place, and the generality of Mankind ever after, would overlook his chief Labour, and that his *Georgics* would be eclipſed by the glaring Light of that Poem, whilſt he himſelf at the ſame Time would ſeem to rival *Homer* in a Sort of Poetry in which he had no Ambition to excel; for as Mr. *Dryden* has obſerv'd, *Virgil* cenſures himſelf in one of his Letters to *Auguſtus* for medling with Heroics, which he ſtiles *the Invention of a degenerating Age.*

Virgil wrote that Piece meerly to pleaſe his Prince, and that he certainly deſign'd it ſhould not have gone any farther ſeems evident from one particular Circumſtance in the *Æneid* itſelf, which is, the total Omiſſion of *Mæcenas*, who is not once mention'd in all the twelve Books; and for this Reaſon it may be ſuppos'd, with great probability, that *Mæcenas* was privy to *Virgil*'s Intention of ſuppreſſing the *Æneid*, being fully ſatisfied with having his Name conſign'd to Immortality in every one of the *Georgics*. Neither is *Auguſtus*'s Fame leſs taken care of in ſeveral Parts of that Work, but eſpecially in the Temple which is erected to his Honour at the beginning of the third *Georgic*. The

Praiſes

Praiſes beſtow'd upon *Auguſtus* in the *Æneid*, particularly in the eighth Book, where the Poet is moſt explicit on this Subject, fall very ſhort of that exquiſite Propriety of Thought, and Majeſty of Expreſſion, which render the Paſſage juſt mention'd the moſt finiſh'd Piece of its Nature that can be found in all Antiquity.

I have hitherto ſpoken of theſe two Pieces in general, I ſhall now conſider them more particularly.

It has been often ſaid that whatever *Virgil*'s Excellencies are, the Palm of Invention is certainly due to *Homer*: Whether this is ſo or not by a juſt Compariſon between the *Iliad* and *Odyſſe*, and the ſingle *Æneid*, I ſhall not diſpute, becauſe *Virgil* never intended it ſhould have been any Diſpute at all. I ſhall only obſerve by the Way, that in thoſe particular Paſſages where *Virgil* takes his matter from *Homer*, he ſeems to have done it to ſhew how he could handle it with greater Advantage. But to return to what I was ſpeaking of, let the Queſtion be put upon the *Georgics*, and let the Prize of Invention be contended for with all the Favourites of the Muſes.

If the utmoſt height of poetical Invention conſiſts in joining what is moſt profitable with what is moſt pleaſant, which I believe will be allow'd on all Sides, what Force of Invention muſt that Perſon have had who could unite all Arts and Sciences, and all the Beauties of Poetry with ſuch Subjects as Plowing, Planting, Breeding of Cattle, raiſing Inſects, and the like, and by this Means intereſt every human Creature, from the univerſal Monarch of the Earth, to the Driver of the Plough, in the ſame Piece? This call'd for a different Power of Invention than the providing a Hero with a Suit of impenetrable Armor to preſerve him from being wounded, or the bringing a Goddeſs to wrap him up in a Cloud to hide him from mortal Sight. Theſe things may amuſe and pleaſe for ſeveral Readings by the Help of Language, but at laſt the Underſtanding becomes weary of them. In the other Caſe, the Mind is never ſatiated with Admiration. Still ſomething new ariſes up, and ſome uſeful Truth is diſcovered. Every Page of the *Georgic* affords Inſtances of this kind, and therefore it would be endleſs to enumerate them.

Next

Next to Invention, the Diction or Verſification is what chiefly ſhews the Poet, and of all the Beauties of Verſification, we are juſtly told by a great Maſter of Poetry, the moſt Exquiſite is the Art of applying the Sound to the Senſe. This is the peculiar Excellency of each of the *Georgics*, but to avoid running too much into Length, I ſhall confine my ſelf to that which is contain'd in the following Sheets.

How ſlow does the Metre move on, which is to deſcribe the Husbandman turning over the Furrow with the Plough?

Agricola incurvo terram dimovit aratro.

How buſy is this Line which repreſents the Workmen in their Nurſeries!

Scilicet omnibus eſt labor impendendus & omnes.

What a terrible Figure the Rattle Snake makes in theſe Lines!

Nec rapit immenſos orbes per humum, neque tanto
Squammeus in gyram tractu ſe colligit anguis.

Here the Beginning and the Ending of the firſt Line are ſnatch'd up like the Motion of that frightful Creature, and the *immenſos orbes* betwixt, makes the dreadful Circle, and then the Verſe is ſtretch'd out again to a prodigious Length into the next Line, by the Diſpoſition of the Words in the Diſtance betwixt *tanto* and *tractu*, which the Poet would have avoided, had it not been for this particular Reaſon.

There is not half the Storm in the

Una Euruſque Notuſque ruunt creberque procellis,

as the Wind makes amongſt the decay'd Trees upon the Rocks of *Caucaſus* in this Line.

Quos animoſi Euri aſſidue franguntque feruntque.

The Storm roars throughout the whole Line, which it does not in the former, in ſo extraordinary a Manner.

The

The ſounding of Trumpets, and the ratling of Hammers upon Anvils are wonderfully heard in theſe two Lines.

Nec dum etiam audierant inflari claſſica, nec dum
Impoſitos duris crepitare incudibus enſes.

Nor muſt the Flux and Reflux of the Sea, which riſes and falls ſo beautifully in this Paſſage, be omitted;

Unde tremor terris; qua vi maria alta tumeſcant
Obicibus ruptis, rurſuſque in ſe ipſa recidant.

How tow'ring is the Beginning, how low the Concluſion!

I could mention many others, ſuch as the Pounding of Olive Mills,

Teritur Sicyonia bacca trapetis.

And the gaping of the parch'd Earth,

Hoc ubi hiulca ſiti ——

And the like. But I ſhall conclude this Subject with what I believe ſurpaſſes every thing of this Nature that is to be met with in any poetical Compoſition whatſoever: I mean theſe four following Lines, and I wonder the firſt Verſe has not led ſeveral Writers to make this Obſervation before. This Line deſcribes a Filberd grafted upon a Crab-Stock, and the Poet has made the Verſe rougher and fuller of Knots than ever any Crab-Stock was in the World.

Inſeritur vero ex fœtu nucis arbutus horrida.
Inſeritur ver' ex fœtu nucis arbutus horrid'.

With what Strength of Fancy did this wonderful Man draw this Picture after the Life! But now obſerve another moſt maſterly Piece. See what a Contraſt is made in the next Line, which deſcribes an Apple ingrafted on a Plane Tree. Nothing in Nature is ſmoother than each of them, and nothing in Muſic is ſofter to the Ear than this Line.

Et ſteriles platani Malos geſſere valentis.

This Line is ſoftned ſo much with the Liquid (s) that the Poet takes the Liberty to uſe valen*tis* inſtead of valen*tes*,

or

or elſe there would have been a Sibilation betwixt the (*ſſ*) in *geſſere* and the (*es*) at the Concluſion of the Verſe.

What a Majeſty is there in this Line which deſcribes the pompous Flowers of the Cheſnut Tree ingrafted upon a Beach, or of a Pear Tree upon Hornbeam!

Caſtaneæ Fagus, Ornuſque incanuit albo
Flore Pyri——

There is not, even in the *Georgics*, a greater Pomp of Metre, or Fullneſs of Sound, in any one Line.

The Concluſion of the fourth Verſe is, if poſſible, ſtill more ſurprizing than any of the former. Here the Poet, to inſtruct his Reader that the Oak may be ingrafted on the Elm, conveys to his Ear the Noiſe of Swine crunching Acrons under the Tree.

Glandemque Sues fregere ſub Ulmis.

'Tis impoſſible for the Reader not to obſerve what an Effect *fregere* makes in this Place.

Deſcription, which is another beautiful Part of Poetry, ſtands unrival'd in any other Work, taking all the *Georgics* together. Tho' perhaps it may be doubted which of the Books has the Advantage over the other, the *Praiſes* of *Italy*, the *Spring*, the *Country Life* in the ſecond Book, may diſpute for ever, I believe, with the *Chariot* Race, the *Scythian* Winter *Piece*, and the *Plague* in the third Book. And the ſame Emulation may be rais'd betwixt the *firſt* and *fourth* Books, but I am at a Loſs to name any thing elſe that is fit to ſtand in Competition with any one of them.

Narration, or the Art of relating a Story, is none of the leaſt Ornaments of Poetry. This *Virgil* has excell'd in, beyond all that can be ſaid of it, in the Story of *Ariſtæus* at the End of the fourth Book. This is a moſt finiſh'd Piece in every reſpect. Nothing can be more moving than the Subject, or purer than the Moral.

The Talent of ſetting true Merit in its juſt Light is not the eaſieſt Task in Writing. I have obſerv'd ſomething already on *Virgil*'s Skill in this Kind. The Beginning and Concluſion of the firſt Book are delicately turn'd, but what is moſt remarkable in this Work, is, that the

whole Piece was what we call *Writing for the Government*.

The *Roman* Affairs at that Time ſtood thus. *Auguſtus* had made himſelf Maſter of *Italy* by the Help of his Army. To reward his Troops, he beſtow'd upon them a great Part of the Lands that fell to him by the Chance of War. The common Soldiery, partly through want of Skill, and partly through a Diſlike of any Employment but that of Arms, neglected the Buſineſs of Husbandry; conſequently the Eſtates produc'd little or nothing to their Officers, the Owners of them, and a great Scarcity enſued throughout the whole Country; but what was more troubleſome to the Miniſtry, they were as much peſter'd with Solicitations at Court, as if they had beſtow'd no Favours at all. In this Situation, *Virgil*, by the Perſuaſion of *Mæcenas*, undertook to write the *Georgics* in order to inſtruct theſe unskilful Husbandmen, as he calls them in the Beginning of the firſt Book, in their new Profeſſion, and at the ſame Time to ſhew that the Country Life deſerv'd the Attention of Perſons of the greateſt Conſequence. This was a Point of the higheſt Importance to the State in every reſpect. *Auguſtus* wanted nothing ſo much as to take off the martial Edge of his People, and nothing could do it ſo effectually as this. *Virgil*, to pleaſe this ſort of People, repreſents *Auguſtus*'s Victories in the greateſt Splendor: He Compliments them upon their warlike Spirit, but in the Concluſion of that inimitable Piece, at the End of the ſecond Book, he urges upon them, with all the Charms of Rhetoric and Poetry, the Examples of their Anceſtors who founded the *Roman* Power, and ſhews them that they were train'd up in the Country Life; and afterwards ſtrengthens his Argument with the Example of *Saturn*, and the Golden Age. But a more tender Subject than this, was to reconcile the People in general to the Army, in which the Poet uſes all his Skill. At the End of the firſt Book, he paints in the ſtrongeſt Colours, the Miſeries of the Civil War, which they could not but be very ſenſible of. In the Concluſion of the ſecond, he tells them, *they were too happy, did they but know their Happineſs*; which conſiſted in this, that their Country

was

was now *procul a* Diſcordibus Armis. Thus in two Words, he juſtifies *Auguſtus*'s taking the Government upon himſelf, and ſhews the People what Obligations they had to the Author of the Peace which they enjoy'd. This was no vain Compliment to *Auguſtus*, nor was it weak Reaſoning to his Subjects. In this Circumſtance conſiſted the chief Merit of that Prince whoſe Name has made ſo much Noiſe in the World. Nothing could be more glorious for *Him* than that he was able to preſerve ſo tumultuous a People in any Sort of Quiet, and nothing could be more happy for *Them*. Their Story ſhews what Diſtractions they were continually ſubject to for many Years before the Reign of *Auguſtus*. They were incapable of Government of any Kind, as their Conſtitution then ſtood, and as they had imprudently divided the Power betwixt the Senate and the People, without any Third State to interpoſe, when Neceſſity required it; ſo that *Auguſtus*'s Power, tho' an armed Power, was a real Bleſſing to the *Romans*, becauſe it preſerv'd them from deſtroying one another.

There are many Paſſages in the *Georgic* where *Virgil* manages his Prince's Cauſe with great Dexterity, and at the ſame Time ſhews an equal Regard for the Liberty and Intereſt of his Country; but certainly nothing can come up to the *fourth* Book, on this Head. What wonderful Knowledge muſt that Writer have had, who could ranſack all Nature to find out a Species of Inſects whoſe Conſtitution might be ſuppoſed to be made up of a Republic governed by a Monarch! This was one of the principal Reaſons of *Virgil*'s chuſing the Bees for his *finiſhing Piece*; and this makes him ſay to *Mæcenas* in his Introduction to it,

Admiranda TIBI *levium ſpectacula rerum.*

YOU *will ſoon ſee to whom the Wonders are applicable which I relate of theſe little Creatures.* How fine a Compliment was it to the *Roman* People, and their Prince, to ſhew that the Bees had their Laws (upon which all their Happineſs was founded) by Inſpiration from *Jupiter*, and their Prince from the ſame Source!

Nunc age, Naturas apibus quas Jupiter ipſe
Addidit, expediam. Pro qua mercede canoros
Curetum ſonitus, crepitantiaque æra ſecuti,
Dictæo REGEM *Cœli pavere ſub antro.*
Solæ communes natos, conſortia tecta
Urbis habent; magniſque agitant ſub Legibus ævum;
Et Patriam ſolæ, & certos novere Penates.

The other Paſſage follows ſoon after, thus;

Præterea REGEM *non ſic Ægyptus, & ingens*
Lydia, nec populi Parthorum, aut Medus Hydaſpes
Obſervant——

Nothing was ever deviſed with greater Sence and Spirit than theſe Paſſages. When we conſider that the *Romans* had a religious Veneration for Bees, and looked upon them as peculiarly conſecrated to *Jupiter*, it was not poſſible to recommend the Obedience due to the Prince, or the Submiſſion due to the Laws, both from Prince and People, in a more delicate manner than by the Example of theſe Creatures; neither can one help obſerving in this, as well as in many other Places, how great a Patron the Poet was of the Liberties of his Country. He ſcorns to flatter his generous Benefactor, the Maſter of the whole World, with unbounded arbitrary Power over his Subjects. He aſſerts the Freedom of the Conſtitution in the ſtrongeſt Terms that ever were made uſe of;

——Magnis agitant ſub Legibus ævum.

Magnis ſub legibus is a plain Declaration that the Laws were ſuperior to All, and therefore he adds,

Et Patriam certam, & certos novere Penates.

In ſhort, He points out both to the Prince, and the People, what their Duty was to each other, and wherein their real Happineſs conſiſted. And this very Conſtitution, which *Virgil* plann'd for his own Country, almoſt two thouſand Years ſince, is the Conſtitution of the happieſt People upon Earth at this Inſtant. *——Soli*

—Soli magnis agitant ſub Legibus ævum
Et Patriam ſoli, & certos novere Penates.

They only live ſecur'd by mighty Laws,
Their Country, and their Gods, The *common Cauſe.*

Præterea REGEM——

Beſides nor *Egypt*, nor the boundleſs Space
Of *Lydia*'s Empire, nor the *Parthian* Race,
Nor whom *Hydaſpes* cools with *Median* Springs,
Pay ſuch ſincere Obedience to their Kings.

I wonder that not one of the Commentators or Tranſlators ever hit upon the true Sence of *ſic obſervant*. Mr. *Dryden* tranſlates this Paſſage thus:

Beſides nor *Ægypt*, *India*, *Media* more
With ſervile Awe, their idol King adore.

It is evident beyond the leaſt Doubt, that *Virgil* ſays quite the contrary, and that the Worſhip which he inculcates, ought to be cordial and affectionate, and not ſlaviſh. But I am come now to another Difficulty amongſt the Learned. It is own'd on all Hands that *Virgil* has ſet off *Auguſtus* with great Art in the *Georgics*. But then it is ask'd what Commendation has he beſtow'd on his Patron, *Mæcenas*. To ſolve this Difficulty, ſeveral Commentators, if I remember aright, have obſerv'd, that it would not have been good Manners to have inſerted the Miniſter's Praiſes in the ſame Piece with his Maſter's; ſo that this was omitted *par bienſeance:* But if I miſtake not, no Patron was ever ſo finely commended as *Mæcenas* is in this Work. Indeed all *Virgil* ſays to Him, or of Him, is as follows, *viz.* In the *firſt* Book, *Virgil* names Him in the ſecond Line. In the *ſecond* Book, he begs Him to aſſiſt him in his Undertaking, and declares he owes the greateſt Part of his Reputation to Him. In the *third* Book, he mentions the Difficulty of the Task *Mæcenas* had put him upon, and again begs His Aſſiſtance. In the *fourth* Book, he deſires Him to look favourably upon that Piece, and addreſſes it more particularly to Him than he had done any of the former. 'Tis true

there is no great *Eclat* in all this, but the Compliment to *Mæcenas* lyes here. *Virgil* undertook a very neceſſary Work for the Service of his Prince, and his Country. He declares it was *Mæcenas* put him upon it. He found the Work very difficult, but ſtill *Mæcenas* perſuades him to perſiſt in it, and by his Patronage, and his Generoſity, enabled him to go through with it; ſo that the Whole, all the Juſtice that is done to *Auguſtus*'s Character, all the Service that Work could do his Country, was owing to *Mæcenas*. This was complimenting Him in the fineſt Manner. He was ſpeaking of a Miniſter. The Character he gives Him is that of a Perſon, who employs His Power and Fortune in countenancing one that could be of Uſe to His Maſter, and the Public. Here the Poet makes a graceful Figure, whilſt he ſhews his Gratitude by owning his Obligations, and at the ſame Time that he makes his Court to his Patron, he makes his Patron's Court to his Prince.

To do Juſtice to *Mæcenas*'s Character in the Matter now treated of, we ought to go far back, and conſider *Virgil* not as the Author of the *Georgic*, or the *Æneid*, but as a young Man who had writ ſome fine Paſtorals. *Mæcenas* finds him out, and puts him upon the *Georgic*. If he had miſcarry'd in it, the Ridicule would have turn'd upon *Mæcenas*, but as *Virgil* ſucceeded in ſo extraordinary a Manner, the Undertaking, of which *Mæcenas* was the Author, turn'd as much to his Credit; and to his good Judgment, Affability and Liberality, the *Roman* Emperor, and *Roman* People, ow'd this Work at firſt, and upon the ſame Account all Mankind ſtand indebted to that Miniſter, to this Hour. This was what *Virgil* took care to let the World know, and it was the moſt effectual Method he could make uſe of to do *Mæcenas* real Service. But if *Virgil* underſtood ſo well in what true Praiſe conſiſted, and how to diſplay it, he certainly had as delicate a Turn for Satyr, where it was neceſſary. There are ſome of the fineſt Strokes of this Kind in that Piece ſo often mention'd, the Concluſion of the ſecond *Georgic*. The Subject is to extol the Country Life above the Court and Town Life. They that are acquainted with the World will perceive how well *Virgil* underſtood

ſtood it, when he oppoſes ſecure Tranquillity to Court Favour, and Sincerity to a crowded Levy; and the reſt of the Piece is ſpirited in the ſame Manner; upon which the Reader may find more Obſervations in the Notes.

It would be an endleſs Task to produce Inſtances to ſhew that the *Georgics* abound with the brighteſt Ornaments of Rhetoric and Oratory, and to prove their Author to have been deeply vers'd in Geometry, Aſtronomy, Phyſic, Hiſtory, true and fabulous, the Heathen Mythology and Morality. It may be affirm'd that they are the beſt fill'd Store-Houſe of all Manner of Knowledge that *Greece* and *Rome* could furniſh.

I cannot help obſerving here, that it is very ſtrange that this Book, of all Books whatever the moſt fit to be made uſe of in the Nurſeries of polite Literature, is no where as I know of, in *England*, or abroad, in any great Meaſure regarded, nay in moſt Places not at all attended to. I am apt to think the Title has been the chief Occaſion of its being ſo much neglected, both by Maſters and Scholars. 'Tis look'd upon as a Book of Husbandry only, and this is thought to be a Matter not worthy of Teachers or Learners. How juſt this Reaſoning is I ſhall not here inquire, but I ſhall venture to affirm, that there cannot be a greater Miſtake than this Opinion. Husbandry is far from being the greater Part of this Work. It is treated of, 'tis true, and fully treated of, but what Variety of Learning is every where interſpers'd, has been already mention'd. Beſides it is very evident that a beautiful Allegory runs thro' the four *Georgics*, peculiarly applicable to the ſeveral Stages of human Life, which merits great Attention.

The *firſt*, which chiefly treats of ordering and preparing the Soil, plainly points at Infancy.

The *ſecond*, in which, if *Seneca* himſelf was a Judge, the fineſt Precepts of Education are to be found, relates to Youth.

The *third* guards againſt the Paſſions of Manhood, principally againſt the ſtrongeſt of them all.

Quid Juvenis, magnum cui verſat in oſſibus ignem
Durus Amor?

The

The *fourth* deſcribes, and inſtructs Mature Age, in the Rules of Frugality, Induſtry, and Arts of Government, which are ſo well handled through the greateſt Part of it; ſo that the *Georgics* are by no means to be conſider'd as a Book of Husbandry only. But even upon this Account I am afraid there is ſtill another Objection, which has very much heighten'd the Prejudice that has been taken to this Divine Work, and that is, the common Notion that the Husbandry which is there taught, is only calculated for *Italy*: This impertinent Conceit has ſprung from the Commentators, who not underſtanding any thing of any Sort of Husbandry, which their Labours diſcover too plainly, have ſpoken of this Matter as blind Men would reaſon about Colours. The Precepts of Husbandry, as deliver'd in the *Georgics*, are ſo various, that they are adapted to every Country, in one reſpect or other; and if it were to be allow'd that this is not a Book of Inſtruction for any Place but where the whole is proper, it would be of Uſe but to a ſmall Part even of *Italy* itſelf. I never yet ſaw any Country of *Europe* which *Virgil*'s Husbandry was not fit for. I am certain the Husbandry of *England* in general is *Virgilian*. This is ſhewn by the Paring and Burning the Surface, by the Manner of Watering Meadows, by the dry Fences, by Raftering or Croſs-Ploughing, and innumerable other Inſtances which could be produced. In thoſe Parts of *England* which the *Romans* principally inhabited, all along the *Southern* Coaſt, *Latin* Words remain to this Hour among Shepherds, and Ploughmen in their ruſtic Affairs, and what will ſeem more ſtrange at firſt Sight to affirm, tho' in Fact it be really true, there is more of *Virgil*'s Husbandry put in Practice in *England* at this Inſtant than in *Italy* itſelf. There the Scene is ſo much altered that it may now properly be ſaid of the *Italian* Countrymen,

> *O infelices nimium, ſua ſi mala norint,*
> *Agricolas!*

They have loſt, almoſt every where, the Knowledge of thoſe Improvements, for which the *Romans* ranſack'd the whole

whole Earth to enrich and adorn their Country. The famous *Graſs*, brought from *Perſia*, to which *Virgil* makes that moving Apoſtrophe in the firſt *Georgic*,

—Tum te quoque, MEDICA, *putres*
Accipiunt ſulci——

is hardly known in the *Campagna di Roma*. Even the *Cytiſus*, ſo celebrated by *Virgil*, and all the *Scriptores de Re Ruſticâ* in the *Auguſtan* Age, is not cultivated in any one ſpot of *Virgil*'s Country, neither does any Farmer, or Gentleman, ſo much as know what it is. Nor could a few Seeds of it be procured any where in *Italy*, a few Years ſince, but out of a Garden at *Naples*. Some of it is to be found growing wild in the farther *Calabria*, towards the Coaſt of the *Ionian* Shore, where it is fed by *Buffaloes*; but even there, they do not know the right Uſe of it, and conſequently never cut it for the Cattle, as *Virgil* adviſes, *Tondentur Cytiſi*; and without which it can be of no great Service. But I am got into a Subject which would carry me too far in this Place, and therefore I ſhall quit it, and conclude all I have to ſay relating to the *Georgic*, and the *Æneid*, with this Remark, that whether any of the Reaſons which weigh with me in preferring the former, are juſt or not, yet upon the whole, I cannot be in the wrong, if *Virgil* was a Judge of Poetry, even of his own Works.

Virgil, it is plain, had a very different Taſte of Poetry from all his Cotemporaries; but as he was exceeding modeſt in his Temper, he did not ſet himſelf at the Head of the learned World, any otherwiſe than by his Works, which he left to ſpeak for him.

Horace, who undertook to fix the Standard of Merit amongſt the Poets in that illuſtrious Age, has ſifted their Performances, but he does not ſeem to have been acquainted with any thing of *Virgil*'s beſides the *Bucolics*; to which Work alone his Compliment of *Molle atque Facetum* can be juſtly apply'd: Or if he had ſeen the *Georgic*, as it was

a new kind of Poetry, unknown as much to the *Grecians* as the *Romans*, in the manner *Virgil* had handled it, in all probability he did not care to determine in what Claſs it ought to have been plac'd, and ſo left it out of his Syſtem of Rules *de Arte Poeticâ.*

But from whatever Cauſe it proceeded, it is plain that *Horace* copying after *Ariſtotle*, who form'd his Sentiments upon *Homer*, has been the Occaſion of the great Character that has been given to that kind of Poetry, which they extoll'd above all the reſt.

The modern Critics, who found ſomething very extraordinary in the *Georgics*, but had no Rules to examine them by, talk'd of this Piece with vaſt Encomiums, and ſelected Paſſages enough to ſupport their Panegyrics upon that Subject; but their Labours went no farther.

Scaliger can hardly be ſaid to have treated it any otherwiſe than as a Grammarian, tho' he is ſo angry at the Appellation.

Rapin falls into the ſame Fault on this Occaſion, which he blames in others, and dwells too much upon the Surface, without entring into the Sence of the Author. He beſtows the higheſt Compliments upon the *Georgics*, in ſeveral Places, but takes no Pains to ſhew any where, in what their real Excellence conſiſts.

Mr. *Dryden* is pleas'd to call the *Georgic*, the *beſt Poem of the beſt Poet*, but it would have been of great Service to *Virgil* and his Readers, if he had made it out.

It was a glorious Dawn of that great Genius,

Cujus Honos, Nomenque mihi, laudeſque manebunt,

whoſe valuable Works are now in every body's Hands, that his *firſt* Eſſay went farther into this Subject, than any had ever done, thro' ſo many Ages before him.

His

His *Second*, in this Cauſe, deſerves very highly of his Country, by thoſe eloquent and learned Lectures, in which he has handled this Matter amongſt others, with great Accuracy. Throughout that whole Work, and his other critical Performances, he has taken a middle Way, betwixt the ſupercilious Gravity of the *Dutch* Writers, and the tireſom Loquacity of the *French*. In relation to the latter, he has merited particular Commendation, by oppoſing himſelf to that implicit Deference, which has been paid for ſo long a Time, to their Writers of Criticiſm. They had in a manner over-run this Country, like a Torrent, for half a Century, and, I believe, this Gentleman was the Firſt that made any Stand againſt them. He has in many Inſtances ſhewn a great Superiority of Underſtanding, even to their beſt Criticks; and their Determinations are no longer receiv'd amongſt us, as the infallible Dictates of *Parnaſſus*. But it is Time to take leave of the Criticks, and Commentators upon *Virgil*, and to come to the Tranſlations of his Works, or rather to that alone which is ſuppos'd to ſurpaſs all that have hitherto been made, or ever can be made.

Thoſe learned Writers, who have beſtow'd great Encomiums on Mr. *Dryden*'s Tranſlation of *Virgil* in general, I perſuade my ſelf, had the Paſtorals and the *Æneid* chiefly, if not ſolely, in their Thoughts; for I cannot have any doubt that, upon a nearer Reviſal of the *Georgics* than perhaps they have made, Perſons of their Judgment and Abilities will be ready to acknowledge that Mr. *Dryden*, in this particular, is ſo far from meriting Praiſe, that it would be impoſſible to make any tolerable Defence for him. There was one Inconvenience that attended Mr. *Dryden*, in his Tranſlation of the *Georgics*, which he did not meet with in *Virgil*'s other Works. As all the reſt are principally Matters of Fancy, and not tied down to any certain known Truth, if Mr. *Dryden* did not underſtand his Author, or if he willingly varied from him, he might produce ſomething elſe out of his own Invention, which might be entertaining, perhaps to moſt People as entertaining as *Virgil*'s true Sence;

But in the *Georgic*, this Help fails him, and as he is writing on a Subject which he did not in any manner underſtand, in his frequent Aberrations from the Author, let the Cauſe of his wandering be what it will, in many Places, he contradicts, in more, he miſtakes the true Sence of the Original; and very frequently makes it no Sence at all. But were all this to be paſs'd over, or, at leaſt, the utmoſt Indulgence us'd, that can be allow'd to one who goes about to tranſlate an Author, whom, he knows, he does not underſtand, yet there remains behind what is much more difficult for any one to excuſe, which are the voluntary and flagrant Offences Mr. *Dryden* has been guilty of againſt the whole Character of *Virgil*. Mr. *Dryden*'s Tranſlation makes a moſt ſolid, polite, chaſte, religious Writer, trifling, unmannerly, fulſome, and profane: I ſhall chuſe out an Inſtance or two from a great many which might be produced on every one of theſe Heads, and ſhall confine my ſelf almoſt entirely to this *ſecond* Book.

In the Introduction, where *Virgil* makes an Apoſtrophe to *Bacchus*, Mr. *Dryden* makes one to his Muſe; and where *Virgil* ſeriouſly deſires *Bacchus* to partake of the Labour of treading the Grapes, which comprehends the whole Subject, as to the Vine, Mr. *Dryden* falls into a moſt extravagant Rant,

> *Come ſtrip with me*, my God, *come drench all o'er*
> *Thy Limbs in Muſt of Wine, and drink at every Pore.*

than which Lines nothing was ever writ by Man more wide from the Author's Sence or Character; neither ſhould it paſs unobſerved in how ſhocking a Manner the Expreſſion *my God*, is put into the Mouth of a Heathen Poet, addreſſing himſelf to a Heathen Deity, which I don't believe was ever done in any Place but this.

In *Virgil*'s Application to *Mæcenas*, Mr. *Dryden* makes him call upon his Patron to *explore new Tracts with flying Sails, and all the while keep* cloſe to the Shore.

When

When *Virgil* ſpeaks of three Sorts of Soil that are fit to bear the Vine, Mr. *Dryden* makes them all into one, not at all ſurpriz'd with his own Deſcription of a Field, which is a rich Meadow cloath'd with thick Graſs, and at the ſame time, a Plain expos'd to the Sun on the Side of a Hill, and all over-grown with Fern.

When *Virgil* ſays Pines are for Ships, and Cedar and Cypreſs for Wainſcot, and other Sorts of Timber, that are found in decay'd Trees, for other Uſes, Mr. *Dryden* very unluckily brings in *Heaven* to a ſtrange Purpoſe.

Yet Heaven their various Plants for Uſe deſigns,
For Houſes Cedar, and for Shipping Pines;
Cypreſs provides for Spokes and Wheels of Wains,
And all for Keels of Ships, that ſcour the watry Plains.

I am at a Loſs to find any kind of Meaning in theſe Lines:

Nor poys'nous Aconite is here produc'd,
Or grows unknown, or is, when known, refus'd.

Or how to make Grammar of this Line:

But for the Ground itſelf this only way.

Is this Paſſage worthy of Mr. *Dryden*?

And Planes huge Apples bear, that bore but Leaves,

or this?

In this ſoft Seaſon, let me dare to ſing
The World was hatch'd *by Heaven's imperial King,*
In Prime of all the Year, and Holidays *of Spring.*

Would

Would the Language of this Couplet have been fit for one of the moſt polite Men of *Auguſtus*'s Court, or is it any Tranſlation of *Hic ſtupet attonitus roſtris?*

Some Patriot Fools *to popular Praiſe aſpire*
Of publick Speeches, *which worſe* Fools *admire.*

With the ſame Sort of Language Mr. *Dryden* makes *Virgil* fall foul upon Phyſicians and Lawyers; which was exceeding improper, becauſe, to the great Honour of thoſe Profeſſions, *Virgil* had apply'd himſelf to both of them; and his firſt ſtep into the World was owing to his Skill in Phyſick. Yet Mr. *Dryden*, in *Virgil*'s Perſon, calls the beſt of the Faculty *learned Leaches*, and the Gentlemen of the Law he ſtigmatizes with *Brawling* and *Corruption.*

But when *Virgil* was for nothing ſo remarkable as his Modeſty, how cou'd Mr. *Dryden* tranſlate

Tum Pater Omnipotens fœcundis imbribus æther
Conjugis in gremium lætæ deſcendit ——

For then Almighty *Jove* deſcends, and pours
Into his buxom Bride his fruitful Showers?

And again,

Illa TIBI *lætis intexet Vitibus Ulmos*

Is good for Olives and aſpiring Vines,
Embracing Husband Elms with amorous Twines.

In ſeveral Paſſages where *Virgil* deſcribes Sacrifices to *Bacchus*, Mr. *Dryden* turns all into a Debauch; and in one Place this Line is the Superfœtation of his own Fancy,

A Madneſs ſo devout the Vineyard fills.

And

And with the ſame Elegance and good Manners as he treats Lawyers and Phyſicians, which has been before obſerv'd, in the *third* Book, he ſtiles a Prieſt ſacrificing at the Altar, the *Holy Butcher.*

But after all the juſt Cauſes of Blame that are here laid together, and of many more that might be charg'd on Mr. *Dryden*'s Verſion of the *Georgic*, there is ſtill another Fault which is much greater, as to what might be expected from Mr. *Dryden*'s Character, than any yet mention'd, which is, the exceeding Badneſs of the Verſification. This is ſo copious a Subject I hardly know where to begin. If I was to produce an Inſtance of what we call *bald Verſe*, can the *Engliſh* Language produce any thing that is more ſo than theſe two Lines?

Others no Root require, the Planter cuts
Young Slips, and in the Soil ſecurely puts.

What debaſes Verſe more than affectionate Terms? *Sweet Italy, Sweet Homes, Dear Land.* This ſinks the Language to the loweſt Degree of Meanneſs; and another Inſtance of the like nature, is, the frequent Uſe of the Particle *Our*, which *Virgil* ſo carefully avoids; *Our* Land, *Our* Towns, *Our* Seas, *Our* Lakes, and the like; but nothing is equal to Mr. *Dryden*'s *Wee*iſms in his Deſcription of *Grafting* and *Inoculating*,

Juſt in that Space a narrow Slit We *make*,
Then other Buds from bearing Trees We *take*;
Inſerted thus the wounded Rind We *cloſe*,

and ſo on, tho' there is not one *Nos* or *Noſter* in the Original.

Virgil is excellent in the Significance and Propriety of his Epithets; but what can one make of theſe Epithets in the Tranſlation,

A hilly Heap of Stones,
The ſteepy Height,
The watry Grounds, and low,

and innumerable others of the ſame kind?

I can't imagine in what Species of Metre to place this Line,

And odorous Frankincenſe on the Sabæan *Bough.*

In every one of Mr. *Dryden*'s *Georgics* there are ſeveral as bad Lines, as rough, and un-muſical, as any in Mr. *Ogilby*, or any Writer whatever. No Eliſion can be ruder to the Ear than ſuch as this:

——Nature ſeems t'ordain
The rocky Cliff for the wild Aſhes Reign.

But for two whole Lines together, theſe excel in their Kind, if I miſtake not, all that can poſſibly be produc'd. They are in the Deſcription of a fine Horſe, in the Beginning of the *third* Book:

Dauntleſs at empty Noiſes, lofty neck'd,
Sharp headed, barrel belly'd, broadly back'd.

Whether *Noiſes* is *Engliſh* I ſhall not diſpute, but certainly *neck'd* and *back'd* is very unhappy Rhime; and *Sharp-headed*, and *Barrel-belly'd*, and all together, make ſuch a kind of Harmony as the Ear doth not deſire to meet with frequently.

It would not be trifling with Mr. *Dryden*, to animadvert upon his furniſhing the *Romans* with *Shrouds* at their Funerals, with *Drums* in their Armies, and making their Trumpets *ring the Peals of Death*, but I am afraid I ſhould tire the Reader, as well as my ſelf, to go on any farther with this diſagreeable Subject.

That

That I may not be thought to have ſelected every *particular* Paſſage that made to my purpoſe, I have ſubjoin'd the whole Tranſlation of Mr. *Dryden*'s ſecond *Georgic*, and the *Latin* Text, in every Page, that the Reader may judge, with the leaſt Trouble poſſible, of the entire Performance.

The Reaſons why I chuſe this Book, rather than any other, to give a Specimen of Mr. *Dryden*'s Tranſlation of the whole, are theſe:

Firſt, This is the Book which Mr. *Dryden* might have underſtood with the leaſt Trouble; the Subject not being fill'd with ſo many Particulars relating to Husbandry, as the former.

In the next Place, it is, as has been very juſtly obſerv'd, the moſt Poetical of all the Four, and therefore ought to have ſhone moſt in Mr. *Dryden*'s Hands. As to his Tranſlation of the *third* Book, I ſhou'd have been very ſorry to have produced it upon any Account, becauſe it is not fit to be ſeen by any Perſon of Sence, or Modeſty.

The *fourth* Book is writ upon one particular Subject, and conſequently, would not have been ſo agreeable to the generality of Readers.

I hope, the Expreſſion I have made uſe of, in relation to Mr. *Dryden*'s third *Georgic*, will not be thought too hard. It is by no means full enough to expreſs my Sence on that Subject. I own, I think that Tranſlation the moſt profligate Piece, (thoſe vile Writings only excepted which relate to one particular Book,) that ever was offer'd to the Public. He that writes a ſenceleſs, fulſom thing, from his own Fund, diſgraces no Body beſides himſelf; but he that fathers ſhameleſs Performances, upon Men of the moſt amiable Characters, is doubly to be blam'd. Herein lies the difference betwixt the Author, and the Tranſlator, of the third *Georgic*. The Author being deſired, by the firſt Miniſter to the Lord of the whole Earth, to write a Book upon Husbandry in

general, could not avoid bringing the Nature and the Management of Cattle into his Diſcourſe; and conſequently, having Occaſion to take notice of that Paſſion which is the moſt violent amongſt Them, he took care however to treat this Subject with ſuch Delicacy, that he may be ſaid to have ſav'd the Bluſhes of Brutes. The Tranſlator, in his Performance, defames the fineſt Part of the rational Creation, to ſpirit his Deſcriptions of the Luſt of Beaſts.

Tho' I do not care to meddle at all with the Piece in Queſtion, yet I believe, it may be neceſſary to produce one Inſtance in Support of this Charge, and to ſet this Matter in a clearer Light than perhaps it might be without it. The Paſſage I ſhall chuſe is about the Beginning of the *third* Book.

Ipſa autem macie tenuant armenta volentes;
Atque ubi concubitus primos jam nota voluptas
Sollicitat: Frondeſque negant & fontibus arcent;
Sæpe etiam curſu quatiunt & ſole fatigant;
Cum graviter tunſis gemit area frugibus, & cum
Surgentem ad Zephyrum paleæ jactantur inanes.

Here *Virgil* makes a very curious Deſcription of Nature. He deſcribes the Force of her Inſtinct in the ſtrongeſt Terms imaginable, and indirectly gives Rules to the Husbandman. The plain Sence of the Paſſage is this: " When they are ſeiz'd with the vehement Paſſion that eve-
" ry one knows they are ſubject to, they will take the
" firſt Opportunity to gratify their Deſire, which if they
" ſhould do amongſt the common Herd, the Breed would
" be ſpoil'd. Therefore the Husbandman muſt obſerve
" when this Paſſion is firſt coming upon them; and this is
" learnt by taking Notice when they begin to leave off their
" common Food, and are continually drinking, and keeping
" alone by themſelves. Then they are to be taken home,
" and exerciſed with the hardeſt Labor; and here the Poet
" mentions the Labor of treading out the Corn, uſual in the

" *Southern*

" *Southern* Countries; and, at the ſame time, ſhews what " they ſhould be kept with, to wit, Straw and Chaff, and " likewiſe deſcribes the Vigor of the Mare in a very extra- " ordinary manner; making the Earth groan under the Vio- " lence of her Motion, and the Straw driven againſt the " Wind with her Heels; and this, while ſhe is kept ſo low. Mr. *Dryden*'s Tranſlation of this Paſſage is as follows;

As for the Females, with induſtrious Care,
Take down their Mettle, keep 'em lean and bare:
When conſcious of their paſt Delight, and keen
To take the Leap, and prove the Sport agen,
With ſcanty Meaſure then ſupply their Food,
And, when athirſt, reſtrain 'em from the Flood;
Their Bodies harraſs, ſink 'em when they run,
And fry their melting Marrow in the Sun;
Starve 'em when Barns beneath their Burden groan,
And winnow'd Chaff by Weſtern *Winds is blown.*

Mr. *Dryden* very unlearnedly applies *nota voluptas* to the Mare, not conſidering that *Virgil* ſpeaks here in the Perſon of a Groom, or Farmer, very well acquainted with the Paſſion thoſe Creatures are moſt ſubject to; and therefore *nota voluptas* relates to the Farmer's Knowledge, beyond all Manner of doubt; and 'tis worth Obſervation, through all the *Georgic*, that tho' the Piece is what the Grammarians call *Didactic*, yet the Stile is generally *Epic.*

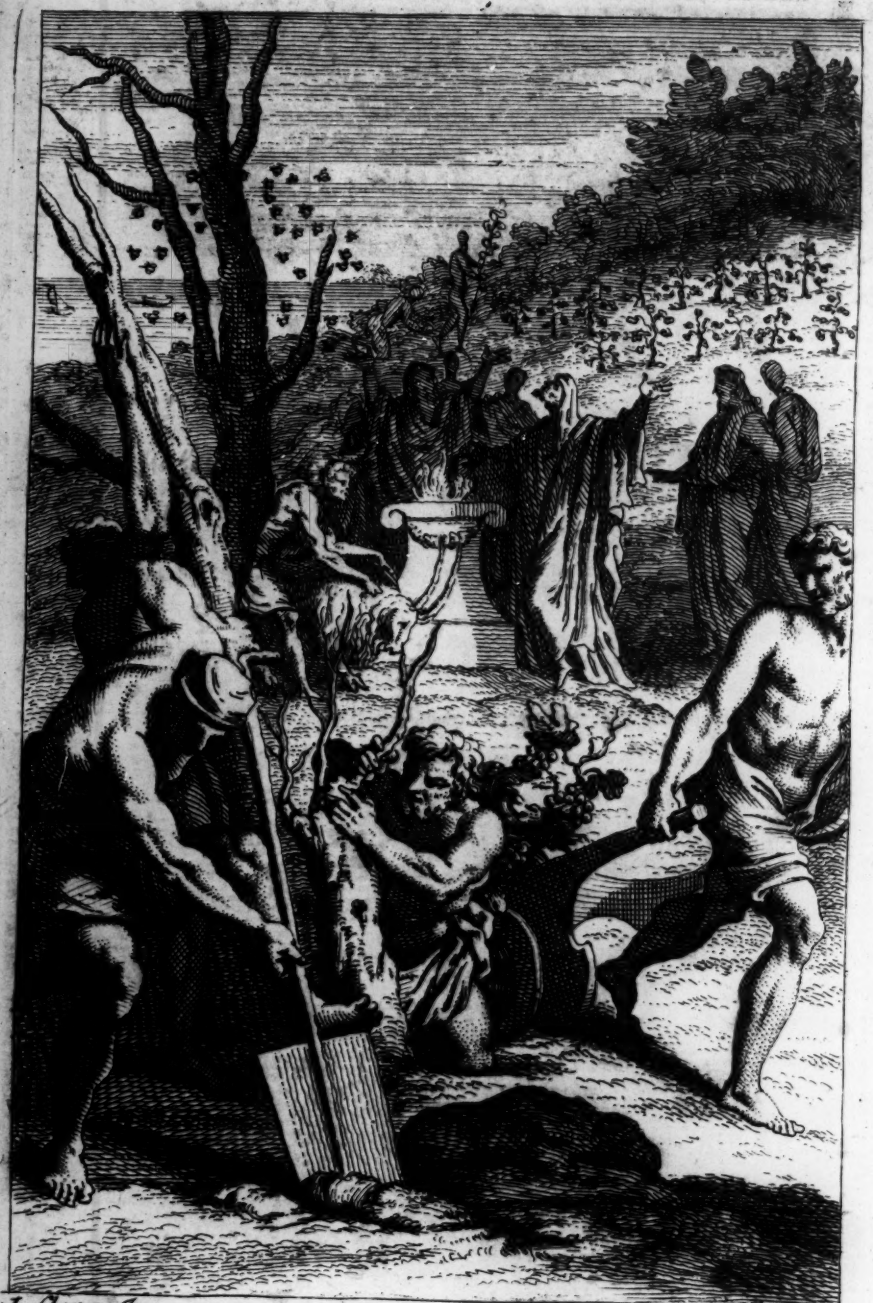
As for the whole Paſſage, whether it is more unnatural and abſurd, or ridiculous and fulſom, I am not able to determine. *Virgil*'s real Sence is this:

As for the Herd, they ſtrive to keep them bare,
And pinch, and draw them down, with ſcanty Fare;
And, when the well known Paſſion of their Race
Sollicits inſtantly the firſt Embrace,

Then

Then they forbid them wandring in the Woods,
Cropping the Browze, and haunting lonely Floods:
Oft in the ſcorching Sun they waſte their Force,
And urge them panting in the furious Courſe:
Then groans the Floor, to pounded Sheaves reſign'd,
And empty Straws are ſpurn'd againſt the Wind.

As for this new Eſſay on the *Georgic*, all that is meant by it, is this; Mr. *Dryden*'s great Name is certainly the Lyon in the way, which has deterr'd thoſe who could have done greater Juſtice to this invaluable Performance, from meddling at all with it. The Deſign here is to ſhew the Injuſtice of complimenting Mr. *Dryden*, even at the Expence of *Virgil* himſelf; and to let every Body ſee, that whatever Abilities Mr. *Dryden* might have, in other reſpects, he was by no Means a proper Perſon to engage in this Undertaking. Were this as generally allow'd, as it is certainly true, it could not be long before ſome able Hand or other, out of Concern for the Reputation of this polite Age, would wipe off the Dirt, which the worſt Tranſlation that ever was made, all things conſider'd, has caſt upon the *beſt* Poem of the *beſt* Poet that ever writ.



L. Cheron Inv.

G.F. de Gucht. Scul.

VIRGIL's HUSBANDRY.

BOOK II.

THUS far of Plains manur'd, and Heav'nly Signs:
Now, Mighty *Bacchus*, will I ſing thy *Vines*;
But with thy *Vines* each Shrub of *Sylvan* Race,
And *Olives* riſing with a ſlow Increaſe.

VIRGILII GEORGICON. *Liber* Secundus.

HACTENUS *arvorum cultus & ſidera cœli:*
Nunc te, Bacche, *canam*, *necnon ſylveſtria tecum*
Virgulta, *& prolem tardè creſcentis Olivæ.*

Mr. DRYDEN's VERSION.

Thus far of Tillage and of Heav'nly Signs;
Now ſing, my Muſe, the Growth of gen'rous Vines:
The ſhady Groves, the Woodland Progeny,
And the ſlow Product of *Minerva's* Tree.

Hither, Great Parent, Here thy Gifts abound,
Here *Autumn* ſtands, to Thee, with Cluſters crown'd;
To Thee, with Purple Juice the Veſſels foam,
Hither, Great Parent of the Vintage, come:
Strip off thy Buskins, and their Pomp deſpiſe;
Stain in new Muſt with me thy naked Thighs.
First, in creating Trees, her various Ways
Luxuriant Nature curiouſly diſplays.
Some, of themſelves, not waiting Human Toil,
Sprout boldly forth, and arrogate the Soil:
Wherever winding Streams thro' Meadows glide,
Theſe crowd the Banks, and ſhoot their Branches wide:
Thus *Oſier*, *Broom*, and *Poplar*, Marſhes crown,
And *Withy* whit'ning in its Azure Down.

Huc, Pater O Lenæe: *tuis hìc omnia plena*
Muneribus, tibi pampineo gravidus autumno
Floret ager, ſpumat plenis vindemia labris.
Huc, Pater O Lenæe, *veni: nudataque muſto*
Tinge novo mecum direptis crura cothurnis.
Principio, arboribus varia eſt natura creandis.
Namque aliæ, nullis hominum cogentibus, ipſæ
Sponte ſuâ veniunt, campoſque & flumina latè
Curva tenent, ut molle Siler, lentæque Geniſtæ,
Populus & glaucâ canentia fronde Salicta.

Great Father *Bacchus!* to my Song repair;
For cluſt'ring Grapes are thy peculiar Care:
For thee large Bunches load the bending Vine,
And the laſt Bleſſings of the Year are thine.
To thee his Joys the jolly Autumn owes,
When the fermenting Juice the Vat o'erflows.
Come ſtrip with me, my God, come drench all o'er
Thy Limbs in Muſt of Wine, and drink at ev'ry Pore.
Some Trees their Birth to bounteous Nature owe:
For ſome without the pains of Planting grow,
With Oſiers thus the Banks of Brooks abound,
Sprung from the wat'ry Genius of the Ground:
From the ſame Principles grey Willows come,
Herculean Poplar, and the tender Broom.

But

But ſome from *Seeds*, lodg'd in the pregnant Womb
Of genial Earth, with greater Vigour come:
Hence *Cheſnuts*: Hence the *Beech* high o'er the Grove
Majeſtick ſtands, and ſpreads his Arms to *Jove*:
And Hence the *Oak*, whoſe Rites the *Græcians* love.
Others from populous *Trunks* their Offſpring ſhoot,
A crowded Copſe ſprings up from ev'ry Root.
The *Cherry* Thus, and *Thus* himſelf diſplays
The *Elm*: and *Thus*, *Parnaſſus*, Thy own *Bays*
In tender Infancy conceals its Head,
And ſeeks Protection from the Mother-Shade.
Theſe different ways are Nature's fixt Decrees;
The *Groves* by *them*, and *Shrubs*, and *ſacred Trees*
Diffuſe their Shade, and yield their vaſt Increaſe.

Pars autem poſito ſurgunt de ſemine: ut altæ
Caſtaneæ, nemorumque Jovi *quæ maxima frondet*
Æſculus, atque habitæ Graiis *oracula quercus.*
Pullulat ab radice aliis denſiſſima ſylva:
Ut ceraſis, ulmiſque: etiam Parnaſſia *laurus*
Parva ſub ingenti matris ſe ſubjicit umbrâ.
Hos natura modos primum dedit: his genus omne
Sylvarum fruticumque viret, nemorumque ſacrorum.

But ſome from Seeds inclos'd in Earth ariſe:
For thus the maſtful Cheſnut *mates the Skies.*
Hence riſe the branching Beech and vocal Oke,
Where *Jove* of Old Oraculouſly ſpoke.
Some from the Root a riſing Wood diſcloſe;
Thus Elms, and thus the ſalvage Cherry grows.
Thus the green Bays, that binds the Poet's Brows,
Shoots and is ſhelter'd by the Mother's Boughs.
Theſe ways of Planting, Nature did ordain,
For Trees and Shrubs, and all the Sylvan Reign.

But curious Search has other Methods taught,
By long Experience to Perfection brought:
Some, torn-off Slips commit to furrow'd Ground;
And Some, large Boughs with riſing Mold ſurround:
Thus, *firmly fixt*, the *Setter* ſtrikes his Root,
Whether you *ſplit* or *ſharpen* out the *Foot:*
But *other Trees* expect their Race ſhould riſe
In green Arcades beneath the Parents Eyes,
Whilſt their *own Soil* the quick'ning Juice ſupplies.
Others no Root require: the ſmalleſt Branch
The Planter boldly ventures in the Trench.

Sunt alii, quos ipſe viâ ſibi repperit uſus.
Hic plantas tenero abſcindens de corpore matrum
Depoſuit ſulcis: hic ſtirpes obruit arvo,
Quadrifidaſque ſudes: & acuto robore vallos:
Sylvarumque aliæ preſſos propaginis arcus
Expectant, & viva ſuâ plantaria terrâ.
Nil radicis egent aliæ: ſummumque putator
Haud dubitat terræ referens mandare cacumen.

Others there are, by late Experience found:
Some cut the Shoots, and plant the furrow'd Ground:
Some cover rooted Stalks in deeper Mold:
Some cloven Stakes, and (wondrous to behold,)
Their ſharpen'd ends in Earth their footing place,
And the dry Poles produce a living Race.
Some bowe their Vines, which buried in the Plain,
Their Tops in diſtant Arches riſe again.
Others no Root require, *the Lab'rer cuts*
Young Slips, and in the Soil ſecurely puts.

Even from cleft Stocks, a moſt ſurpriſing thing!
Through hard dry Wood the Roots of *Olives* ſpring.
And often with Impunity we ſee,
That *one* Tree's Boughs *another's* Boughs ſhall be:
Thus, on the *Pear-Tree's* Stem, the *Apple* comes,
And ſtony *Corneils* bluſh with blooming *Plums*.
Then learn, ye Swains, attentive to my Song,
What various Culture does to *Plants* belong:
Learn hence to tame the *Foreſt's* ſavage Growth;
And let no Land reſign itſelf to Sloth.
How fair is *Iſmarus!* with Vineyards bleſt,
And great *Taburnus!* all in Olives dreſt.

Quin & caudicibus ſectis, mirabile dictu!
Truditur e ſicco radix oleagina ligno.
Et ſæpe alterius ramos impune videmus
Vertere in alterius, mutatamque inſita mala
Ferre pyrum, & prunis lapidoſa rubeſcere corna.
Quare agite ô proprios generatim diſcite cultus,
Agricolæ, fructuſque feros mollite colendo.
Neu ſegnes jaceant terræ: juvat Iſmara Baccho
Conſerere, atque olea magnum veſtire Taburnum.

Ev'n Stumps of Olives, *bar'd of Leaves, and dead,*
Revive, and oft redeem their wither'd Head;
'Tis uſual now, an Inmate Graff to ſee
With Inſolence invade a Foreign Tree:
Thus Pears and Quinces from the Crabtree come:
And thus the ruddy Cornel bears the Plum.
Then let the Learned Gard'ner mark with Care
The Kinds of Stocks, and what thoſe Kinds will bear:
Explore the Nature of each ſev'ral Tree;
And known, improve with artful Induſtry:
And let no Spot of idle Earth be found,
But cultivate the Genius of the Ground.
For open *Iſmarus* will *Bacchus* pleaſe;
Taburnus loves the Shade of Olive Trees,

And now aſſiſt me with thy friendly Care,
Juſt entred on the Work, my Labours ſhare,
O! thou my Glory! thou my real Fame!
For 'tis to thee I chiefly owe my Name:
Do thou, *Mæcenas*, ſpread the flying Sail,
And to this Voyage give a proſp'rous Gale;
Not that my Lines could all the Theme embrace
Had I a hundred Mouths, and Tongues, and Voice of Braſs;
Aſſiſt me then: Firſt, coaſt along the Shore,
In Sight of Land, and ev'ry Shelve explore——
But here my Verſes ſhall not thee detain,
With long Preambles of Poetick Strain.

Tuque ades, inceptumque unâ decurre laborem,
O decus, ô famæ merito pars maxima noſtræ,
Mæcenas, *pelagoque volans da vela patenti.*
Non ego cuncta meis amplecti verſibus opto:
Non, mihi ſi linguæ centum ſint, oraque centum,
Ferrea vox, ades, & primò lege littoris oram,
In manibus terræ —— non hic te carmine ficto,
Atque per ambages & longa exorſa tenebo.

The Virtues of the ſev'ral Soils I ſing,
Mæcenas, now thy needful Succour bring!
O thou! the better part of my Renown,
Inſpire thy Poet, and thy Poem crown:
Embarque with me, while I *new Tracks explore*,
With flying Sails and Breezes from the Shore:
Not that my Song, in ſuch a ſcanty Space,
So large a Subject fully can embrace:
Not tho' I were ſupply'd with Iron Lungs,
A hundred Mouths, fill'd with as many Tongues:
But ſteer my Veſſel with a ſteady Hand,
And *coaſt along the Shore* in ſight of Land.
Nor will I tire thy Patience with a Train
Of Preface, or what antient Poets feign.

The

The Trees, that of *themſelves* attempt the Skies,
Barren indeed, but gay and vigorous riſe,
For deep within the Soil their Nature lies:
Yet theſe *ingraft*, or elſe a Trench prepare
Of well-tam'd Mould, and cultivate them *there*;
The ſavage Mind they'll quit: and ſoon incline
To civil Arts, and anſwer each Deſign:
So will the *Sucker*'s fruitleſs Breed, that ſhoots
Around the ſappy Trunk from ſwelling Roots,
Should you *tranſplant* them to ſome open Place,
And yield to ev'ry Stem an eaſy Space:
Now mighty Boughs, and all the Mother-ſhade,
With ſcorching Drops the ſickly Fruit invade.

Sponte ſuâ quæ ſe tollunt in luminis auras,
Infœcunda quidem, ſed læta & fortia ſurgunt.
Quippe ſolo natura ſubeſt. Tamen hæc quoque ſi quis
Inſerat, aut ſcrobibus mandet mutata ſubactis;
Exuerint ſylveſtrem animum: cultuque frequenti,
In quaſcunque voces artes, haud tarda ſequentur.
Necnon & ſterilis quæ ſtirpibus exit ab imis,
Hoc faciet: vacuos ſi ſit digeſta per agros:
Nunc altæ frondes & rami matris opacant,
Creſcentique adimunt fœtus, uruntque ferentem.

The Trees, which of themſelves advance in Air,
Are barren Kinds, but ſtrongly built and fair:
Becauſe the Vigour of the Native Earth
Maintains the Plant, and makes a manly Birth.
Yet theſe, receiving Graffs of other Kind,
Or thence tranſplanted, change their ſalvage Mind;
Their Wildneſs loſe, and quitting Nature's Part,
Obey the Rules and Diſcipline of Art.
The ſame do Trees, that, ſprung from barren Roots
In open Fields, tranſplanted bear their Fruits,
For where they grow, *the Native Energy*
Turns all into the Subſtance of the Tree,
Starves and deſtroys the Fruit, is only made
For brawny Bulk, and for a barren Shade.

Trees,

Trees, that are forc'd themſelves *from Seed* to rear,
In their dull Progreſs ſlow and tedious are,
And for your Childrens Children Shade prepare.
Degenerate *Apples thus* forget their Taſte,
And cluſter'd *Seedlings* are the Birds Repaſt:
Yet *theſe* require an everlaſting Toil,
Inceſſant Trenching, endleſs Coſt of Soil;
But *Olives* beſt from Stocks, from Layers grows
The faireſt *Vine*, and *Myrtle* from huge Boughs:
From Scions, *Hazle*, and the *Aſh* are born,
And thou that doſt *Herculean* Shrines adorn!
Hence *Jove's Chaonian* Oaks their Branches ſpread,
Hence the huge *Palm* exalts its tow'ring Head:
And Hence the *Pine* is born: what Woes to bear
From Rocks, and Storms, and all the Wat'ry War!

Jam, quæ ſeminibus jactis ſe ſuſtulit arbos,
Tarda venit, ſeris factura nepotibus umbram:
Pomaque degenerant ſuccos oblita priores:
Et turpes avibus prædam fert uva racemos.
Scilicet omnibus eſt labor impendendus, & omnes
Cogendæ in ſulcum, ac multâ mercede domandæ:
Sed truncis Oleæ melius, propagine Vites
Reſpondent, ſolido Paphiæ *de robore Myrtus.*
Plantis eduræ Coryli naſcuntur, & ingens
Fraxinus, Herculeæque *arbos umbroſa coronæ*,
Chaoniique *patris glandes: etiam ardua Palma*
Naſcitur, & caſus Abies viſura marinos.

The Plant that ſhoots from Seed, a ſullen Tree
At leiſure grows, for late Poſterity;
The gen'rous Flavour loſt, the Fruits decay,
And ſalvage Grapes are made the Birds ignoble Prey.
Much Labour is requir'd, in Trees to tame
Their wild Diſorder, and in Ranks reclaim.
Well muſt the Ground be digg'd, and better dreſs'd,
New Soil to make, and meliorate the reſt.
Old Stakes of Olive Trees in Plants revive;
By the ſame Methods *Paphian* Myrtles live:
But nobler Vines by Propagation thrive.
From Roots hard Hazles, and from Cyons riſe
Tall Aſh, and taller Oak that *mates the Skies:*
Palm, Poplar, Firr, *deſcending from the Steep*
Of Hills, to try the Dangers of the Deep.

But

But *Filberds* graft on th' horrid *Crab-tree*'s Brows;
On barren *Planes* the faireſt *Apple* glows;
Thus *Cheſnut* Plumes on *Beech* ſurpriſe the Sight,
And *Hornbeam* blows with *Pear-tree* Flowers all white:
And often Swine, whilſt routing in the Wood,
Beneath the *Elm*, have crunch'd their *Acorn Food*.
To *Graft* and to *En-eye* are different Cares:
For where the *Burdgeon* thro' the Rind appears,
Full on the *Knot* a ſlender Paſſage made,
There let the *Bud* from ſome known Tree convey'd,
Within the humid Folds be ſafely laid.
Or force with cleaving Steel an op'ning way
On a ſmooth Trunk; and there your Plants diſplay:
Inſtant, on high the happy Branches riſe,
And a vaſt Tree ſtands tow'ring in the Skies:
The Parent-Stem, ſurpris'd with Boughs unknown,
Gazes *new Leaves*, and Apples not *her own*.

Inſeritur vero ex fœtu nucis arbutus horrida,
Et ſteriles platani malos geſſere valentis:
Caſtaneæ fagus, ornuſque incanuit albo
Flore pyri: glandemque ſues fregere ſub ulmis.
Nec modus inſerere atque oculos imponere ſimplex.
Nam quâ ſe medio trudunt de cortice gemmæ,
Et tenues rumpunt tunicas, anguſtus in ipſo
Fit nodo ſinus: huc aliena ex arbore germen
Includunt, udoque docent inoleſcere libro.
Aut rurſum enodes trunci reſecantur, & alte
Finditur in ſolidum cuneis via: deinde feraces
Plantæ immittuntur. Nec longum tempus, & ingens
Exiit ad cœlum ramis felicibus arbos,
Miraturque novas frondes, & non ſua poma.

The thin-leav'd *Arbute* Hazle-graffs receives,
And Planes huge Apples bear, *that bore but Leaves.*
Thus Maſtful Beech the briſtly Cheſnut bears,
And the wild *Aſh is white with blooming Pears,*
And greedy Swine from grafted Elms are fed
With falling Acorns that on Oaks are bred.
But various are the ways to change the State
Of Plants, to Bud, to Graff, t'Inoculate.
For where the tender Rinds of Trees diſcloſe
Their ſhooting Gems, a ſwelling Knot there grows;
Juſt in that Space a narrow Slit *we* make,
Then other Buds from bearing Trees *we* take:
Inſerted thus, the wounded Rind *we* cloſe,
In whoſe moiſt Womb th' admitted Infant grows.
But when the ſmoother Bole from Knots is free,
We make a deep Inciſion in the Tree;
And in the ſolid Wood the Slip incloſe:
The *but'ning Baſtard* ſhoots again and grows;
And in ſhort Space the laden Boughs ariſe,
With happy Fruit advancing to the Skies.
The Mother Plant admires the Leaves unknown
Of alien Trees, and Apples not her own.

Farther, nor *Elms*, nor *Willows* to one Kind,
Nor *Lotes*, nor *Ida's Cypreſs* is confin'd:
Nor always *Olives* one Reſemblance ſhow,
Some *round*, ſome *long*, ſome *flat* and *ſpreading* grow:
Nor are the num'rous *Apples* that adorn
Thy Groves, *Alcinöus*, with like Features born:
The ſame Variety the Orchard bears
In *Warden*, *Bergamot*, and *Pounder* Pears:
Not ſuch a *Grape* the home-bred Vineyard grants,
As *Lesbians* pull from *Methymnæan* Plants:
White are the *Thaſian* Vines, th' *Egyptian white*;
Theſe able in *deep* Grounds, and thoſe in *light*:
The *Phaſian* Muſt from Raiſins dry'd is beſt,
The *Griſlin* Grape, tho' gentle to the Taſte,
Will tempt your baffled Legs, and tye your Tongue at laſt.

Præterea genus haud unum, nec fortibus ulmis,
Nec ſalici, lotoque, nec Ideis *cypariſſis:*
Nec pingues unam in faciem naſcuntur olivæ,
Orchades & radii, & amarâ pauſia baccâ:
Pomaque, & Alcinoi *ſylvæ: nec ſurculus idem*
Cruſtumiis, Syriiſque *pyris, gravibuſque Volemis.*
Non eadem arboribus pendet vindemia noſtris,
Quam Methymnæo *carpit de palmite* Lesbos.
Sunt Thaſiæ *vites, ſunt &* Mareotides *albæ:*
Pinguibus hæ terris habiles, levioribus illæ.
Et paſſo Pſythia *utilior, tenuiſque lageos*
Tentatura pedes olim, vincturaque linguam;

Of vegetable Woods are various Kinds,
And the ſame Species are of ſev'ral Minds;
Lotes, Willows, Elms have diff'rent Forms allow'd,
So Fun'ral Cypreſs riſing like a Shroud.
Fat Olive-Trees of ſundry Sorts appear,
Of ſundry Shapes their unctuous Berries bear.
Radii long Olives, *Orchites* round produce,
And bitter *Pauſia*, pounded for the Juice.
Alcinous Orchard various Apples bears.
Unlike are Bergamotes and Pounder Pears.
Nor our *Italian* Vines produce the Shape,
Or Taſte, or Flavour of the *Lesbian* Grape.
The Thaſian *Vines in richer Soils abound,*
The Mareotique *grow in barren Ground.*
The *Pſythian* Grape *we* dry: *Lagæan* Juice
Will ſtamm'ring Tongues, and ſtagg'ring Feet produce.

Ye

Ye *Purple*, *Rath-ripe*, and *Rhephean* Vines,
How ſhall I tell of you in equal Lines?
Yet think not hence to match *Falernian* Wines.
Lo! *Ammenean* Cluſters, potent Juice!
Tmolian nor fam'd *Phenæan* ſuch produce.
Her Prize, unrival'd, the leſs *Argit* bears,
Her's is the Purple Flood, and Her's the Length of Years.
Nor ſhall *Ye* want the Tribute of the Muſe,
Whom no proud Board, nor Gods themſelves refuſe,
The *Rhodian* Thou, and Thou the *mighty Grape*,
A ſwelling, trailing Udder is thy Shape!
But of their Kinds and Names there is no Tale,
Nor would their Number ought my Song avail;
Who this would know, the ſame would count the Sands,
Tempeſtuous *Zephyrs* toſs on *Libyan* Strands;
Or when with fiercer Rage hoarſe *Eurus* roars,
The ſounding Waves that laſh *Ionian* Shores.

Purpureæ, preciæque: & quo te carmine dicam
Rhætica? *nec cellis ideo contende* Falernis.
Sunt etiam Amineæ *vites, firmiſſima vina:*
Tmolus *& aſſurgit quibus, & rex ipſe* Phanæus,
Argitiſque *minor, cui non certaverit ulla*
Aut tantum fluere, aut totidem durare per annos.
Non ego te, menſis & Diis accepta ſecundis,
Tranſierim, Rhodia, *& tumidis, Bumaſte, racemis.*
Sed neque quam multæ ſpecies, nec nomina quæ ſint,
Et numerus: neque enim numero comprendere refert.
Quem qui ſcire velit, Lybici *velit æquoris idem*
Diſcere; quam multæ Zephyro turbentur arenæ:
Aut, ubi navigiis violentior incidit Eurus,
Noſſe, quot Ionii *veniant ad littora fluctus.*

Rathe ripe are ſome, and ſome of later Kind,
Of Golden ſome, and ſome of Purple Rind.
How ſhall I praiſe the *Rætheau* Grape divine,
Which yet contends not with *Falernian* Wine!
Th' *Aminean* many a *Conſulſhip* ſurvives,
And longer than the *Lydian* Vintage lives,
Or high *Phanæus* King of *Chian* Growth:
But for *large Quantities*, and *laſting both*,
The leſs *Argitis* bears the Prize away.
The *Rhodian*, ſacred to the ſolemn Day,
In ſecond Services is pour'd to *Jove*;
And beſt accepted by the Gods above.
Nor muſt Bumaſtus *his old Honours loſe,*
In Length and Largeneſs like the Dugs of Cows.
I paſs the reſt, whoſe ev'ry Race and Name,
And Kinds, are leſs material to my Theme.
Which who would learn, as ſoon may tell the Sands,
Driv'n by the Weſtern Wind on *Lybian* Lands;
Or number, when the bluſtring *Eurus* roars,
The Billows beating on *Ionian* Shores.

Not ev'ry Tree will ev'ry Soil adorn,
Willows in Brooks, in *Fenns* are *Alders* born.
On ſtony Cliffs the *Aſh* his tow'ring Height
Erects, and *Myrtles* in cool Shores delight.
Bacchus to Sunny Hills is moſt inclin'd,
The hardy *Yew* to Cold and Northern Wind.
Survey the Earth thro' all her diſtant Coaſts,
The *Arab*'s Eaſtern Site, the painted *Scythian*'s Froſts,
Where-e'er the Globe ſubdu'd by *Hinds* we ſee,
Each Land's beſtow'd on ſome deſerving Tree.
India alone bears *Jet* in ſcorching Fields,
Alone *Sabæa* ſacred *Incenſe* yields.
Shall I of *Egypt* tell, where *Balm* is ſeen
Sweating thro' fragrant Wood? where ever-green
Acanthus riſes with his Gummy Stem?
Or of thoſe Groves that whiten into Wool,
And how the Fleece from Boughs the *Seres* cull?

Nec vero terræ ferre omnes omnia poſſunt.
Fluminibus Salices, craſſiſque paludibus Alni
Naſcuntur, ſteriles ſaxoſis montibus Orni,
Littora Myrtetis lætiſſima: denique apertos
Bacchus *amat colles, aquilonem & frigora Taxi,*
Aſpice & extremis domitum cultoribus orbem,
Eoaſque domos Arabum, *pictoſque* Gelonos.
Diviſæ arboribus patriæ. Sola India *nigrum*
Fert Ebenum, ſolis eſt Thurea virga Sabæis.
Quid tibi odorato referam ſudantia ligno,
Balſamaque, & baccas ſemper frondentis Acanthi!
Quid nemora Æthiopum *molli canentia lana?*
Velleraque ut foliis depectant tenuia Seres?

Not ev'ry Plant on ev'ry Soil will grow;
The Sallow loves the wat'ry Ground, and low.
The Marſhes, Alders; Nature ſeems *t'ordain*
The rocky Cliff for the wild Aſhe's *Reign:*
The baleful Yew to Northern Blaſts aſſigns;
To Shores the Myrtles, and to Mounts the Vines.
Regard th'extremeſt cultivated Coaſt,
From hot *Arabia* to the *Scythian* Froſt:
All ſorts of Trees their ſev'ral Countries know;
Black Ebon only will in *India* grow:
And od'rous Frankincenſe on the Sabæan *Bough.*
Balm ſlowly trickles thro' the bleeding Veins
Of happy *Shrubs*, in *Idumæan* Plains.
The green *Egyptian* Thorn, for Med'cine good;
With *Ethiops* hoary Trees and woolly Wood,
Let others tell; and how the *Seres* ſpin
Their fleecy Foreſts in a ſlender Twine.

Or elſe of Foreſts, where the Sea ſurrounds
India's laſt Shore, and Earth has fix'd her Mounds:
Whoſe tow'ring Woods ſurmount the Arrow's Flight,
Urg'd by the skilful Archer's utmoſt Might.
To *Media*'s Clime thoſe happy Fruits belong,
Bitter of Taſte, and clammy to the Tongue,
Whoſe friendly *Juice* ſupplies immediate Aid,
When cruel Step-dames harmleſs Lives invade;
This from the Veins the fatal Draught expels,
Mix'd up with baneful Herbs and noxious Spells:
Vaſt is the Trunk, and like a Lawrel grows:
And did it not a different Scent diſcloſe,
A *Lawrel* were: No Storm can rend its Leaves,
Or waſte the Flow'r, ſo cloſe and firm it cleaves.
With this the *Mede* corrects offenſive Breath,
And ſaves the panting, gaſping Soul from Death.

Aut quos Oceano propior gerit India *lucos,*
Extremi ſinus orbis? ubi aëra vincere ſummum
Arboris haud ullæ jactu potuere ſagittæ:
Et gens illa quidem ſumptis non tarda pharetris,
Media *fert triſtes ſuccos tardumque ſaporem*
Felicis mali: quo non præſentius ullum
(Pocula ſi quando ſævæ infecere novercæ,
Miſcueruntque herbas, & non innoxia verba)
Auxilium venit, ac membris agit atra venena.
Ipſa ingens arbos, faciemque ſimillima Lauro:
Et, ſi non alium latè jactaret odorem,
Laurus erat: folio haud ullis labentia ventis:
Flos apprima tenax: animas & olentia Medi
Ora fovent illo, & ſenibus medicantur anhelis.

With mighty *Trunks of Trees* on *Indian* Shores
Whoſe Height above the feather'd Arrow ſoars,
Shot from the tougheſt Bow; *and by the Brawn*
Of expert Archers, with vaſt Vigour drawn.
Sharp taſted Citrons *Median* Climes produce:
Bitter the Rind, but gen'rous is the Juice:
A cordial Fruit, a preſent Antidote
Againſt the direful Step-dames deadly Draught:
Who mixing wicked Weeds with Words impure,
The Fate of envied Orphans would procure.
Large is the Plant, and like a Lawrel grows,
And did it not a diff'rent Scent diſcloſe,
A Lawrel were: The fragrant Flow'rs contemn
The ſtormy Winds, tenacious of their Stem.
With this the *Medes*, to *lab'ring Age bequeath*
New Lungs, and cure the Sow'rneſs of the Breath.

But

But neither *Media's* Groves, nor fertile Lands,
Nor all the Beauties of the *Grannick* Strands,
Nor *Hermus* Tide choak'd up with Golden Sands;
Not all united can ſuch Glories boaſt,
Such and ſo many as the *Latian* Coaſt:
No nor yet *Bactria* or Both *Indies* Shores,
Or all *Panchaia's* Plains manur'd with ſpicy Stores.
This Soil by *Bulls* that roar with *fiery Breath*
Was never till'd; nor ſown with *Dragons* Teeth:
No horrid Crop of Helmets, Spears, and Shields,
And ſprouting Darts, did e'er amaze theſe Fields:
But all with *Corn* abounds, and gen'rous *Wine*,
With Streams of *Oil*, and gladſome *Herds of Kine*.
Hence comes the *Courſer* ruſhing thro' the War;
Hence Snowy *Flocks*: Hence the huge *Victim-Steer*:
Theſe oft, *Clitumnus*, Hallow'd in thy Floods,
Have led triumphant *Rome* to thank the *Gods*.

Sed neque Medorum *ſylvæ, ditiſſima terra,*
Nec pulcher Ganges, *atque auro turbidus* Hermus,
Laudibus Italiæ *certent: non* Bactra, *neque* Indi,
Totaque thuriferis Panchaia *pinguis arenis.*
Hæc loca non tauri ſpirantes naribus ignem
Invertere; ſatis immanis dentibus hydri:
Nec galeis denſiſque virûm ſeges horruit haſtis:
Sed gravidæ fruges, & Bacchi Maſſicus *humor*
Implevere; tenent oleæque, armentaque læta.
Hinc bellator equus campo ſeſe arduus infert:
Hinc albi, Clitumne, *greges,* & *maxima taurus*
Victima ſæpe tuo perfuſi flumine ſacro,
Romanos *ad templa Deûm duxere triumphos.*

But neither *Median* Woods, (a plenteous Land)
Fair *Ganges*, *Hermus* rolling Golden Sand,
Nor *Bactria*, nor the richer *Indian* Fields,
Nor all the gummy Stores *Arabia* yields;
Nor any foreign Earth of greater Name,
Can with *ſweet Italy* contend in Fame.
No Bulls, whoſe Noſtrils breath a living Flame,
Have turn'd our Turf, no Teeth of Serpents here
Were ſown, an armed Hoſt and Iron Crop to bear.
But *fruitful* Vines, and the fat Olives freight,
And Harveſts heavy with their *fruitful* Weight,
Adorn our Fields; and on the chearful Green,
The grazing Flocks and lowing Herds are ſeen.
The Warrior-Horſe here bred is taught to train:
There flows *Clitumnus* thro' the flow'ry Plain;
Whoſe Waves, for Triumphs after proſp'rous War,
The Victim Ox, and ſnowy Sheep prepare,

Here

Here everlaſting Spring adorns the Field,
And *foreign Harveſts* conſtant *Summer* yield:
Twice ev'ry Year the *Kine* are great with young,
Twice the luxuriant Trees with *Apples* hung:
But furious *Tygers*, and the *Lion*'s Seed
Are abſent Here: Nor Here the pois'nous Weed
Of *Aconite*, with dubious Leaves prevails;
Nor *Serpents*, rattling with their fiery Scales,
Drive ſuch prodigious Orbs along the Land,
Or wreath'd on ſuch vaſt Spires collected ſtand.
Add all the *Cities*, that conſpicuous riſe,
In Works of endleſs Labour to the Skies:
Add *Towns* unnumber'd, that the Land adorn
By toiling Hands from rocky Quarries torn:
And all the mighty *Streams* that cloſe below
The laſting Walls in winding Channels flow.

Hic ver aſſiduum, atque alienis meſſibus æſtas.
Bis gravidæ pecudes, bis pomis utilis arbos.
At rapidæ tigres abſunt, & ſæva leonum
Semina: nec miſeros fallunt aconita legentes:
Nec rapit immenſos orbes per humum, neque tanto
Squameus in ſpiram tractu ſe colligit anguis.
Adde tot egregias urbes, operumque laborem:
Tot congeſta manu præruptis oppida ſaxis:
Fluminaque antiquos ſubter labentia muros.

Perpetual Spring our happy Climate ſees;
Twice breed the Cattle, and twice bear the Trees;
And Summer Suns recede by ſlow Degrees.
Our Land is from the Rage of Tygers freed,
Nor nouriſhes the Lion's angry Seed;
Nor pois'nous Aconite is here produc'd,
Or grows unknown, or is, when known, refus'd.
Nor in ſo vaſt a Length our Serpents glide,
Or rais'd on ſuch a ſpiry Volume ride.
Next add our Cities of illuſtrious Name,
Their coſtly Labour and ſtupendous Frame:
Our Forts on *ſteepy Hills*, that far below
See wanton Streams, in winding Valleys flow.

What

What of the *upper* and the *nether Sea*?
Both yielding to the Land's Fertility?
What of the wond'rous *Lakes*? great *Laris*, firſt of Thee?
And what of Thee, *Benacus*, ſhall I tell?
Whoſe Waves like *Neptune*'s roar, like *Neptune*'s ſwell.
Shall I declare the *Ports*, and *Lucrine* Mounds?
How the diſdainful Sea enrag'd rebounds,
And thro' the *Julian* Bay the dreadful Shock reſounds:
Or how *Tyrrhenum*'s Waves, and ſtormy Tide
To calm *Avernus* are compell'd to glide.
This *Land* Herſelf, in ſhining Veins below,
Does Streams of *Brazen Ore*, and *Silver* ſhow:
And molten *Gold* has here been us'd to flow:

An mare, quod ſupra, memorem; quodque alluit infra?
Anne lacus tantos? te, Lari *maxime*, *teque*
Fluctibus & fremitu aſſurgens, Benace, *marino?*
An memorem portus, Lucrinoque *addita clauſtra*,
Atque indignatum magnis ſtridoribus æquor:
Julia *qua ponto longè ſonat unda refuſo*,
Tyrrhenuſ*que fretis immittitur æſtus* Avernis?
Hæc eadem argenti rivos, æriſque metalla
Oſtendit venis, atque auro plurima fluxit.

Our twofold Seas, that waſhing either Side;
A rich Recruit of foreign Stores provide.
Our ſpacious Lakes; thee, *Larius*, firſt, and next
Benacus, with tempeſt'ous Billows vex'd.
Or ſhall I praiſe thy Ports, or mention make
Of the vaſt Mound that binds the *Lucrine* Lake.
Or the diſdainful Sea, that, ſhut from thence,
Roars round the Structure, and invades the Fence.
There, where ſecure the *Julian* Waters glide,
Or where *Avernus* Jaws admit the *Tyrrhene* Tide.
Our Quarries deep in Earth, *were fam'd of old*,
For Veins of Silver, and for Ore of Gold.

This

This *Land* has Stocks of hardy Chiefs brought forth,
Thoſe of the *Marſian* and *Sabellian* Birth:
Ligurians, ready in all Toils to join,
Volſcians, whoſe brandiſh'd Spears in Battle ſhine,
The *Decian*, *Marian*, and *Camillian* Line,
And both the Captains of the *Scipian* Name,
And Thee, Thee, *Cæſar*, above all in Fame;
Who now victorious in the fartheſt Eaſt,
Do'ſt awe the utmoſt *Aſia* into Reſt:
And the ſoft *Indian* fright'ning to his Home,
Do'ſt far avert his Luxury from *Rome*.
Hail, mighty Parent! Hail, *Saturnian* Soil!
Mighty in Fruits and Men! for Thee this Toil
I gladly urge: advent'ring to unfold
Labours and Arts in high Eſteem of old:
For thee I open all the ſacred Spring,
And in *Aſcræan* Verſe thro' *Roman* Countries ſing.

Hæc genus acre virûm, Marſos, *pubemque* Sabellam,
Aſſuetumque malo Ligurem, Volſcoſque *verutos*
Extulit: *hæc* Decios, Marios, *magnoſque* Camillos
Scipiadas *duros bello*: *& te*, *maxime* Cæſar,
Qui nunc extremis Aſiæ *jam victor in oris*
Imbellem avertis Romanis *arcibus* Indum.
Salve magna Parens frugum, Saturnia *tellus*,
Magna virûm! tibi res antiquæ laudis & artis
Ingredior, *ſanctos auſus recludere fontes*:
Aſcræumque *cano* Romana *per oppida carmen*.

Th' Inhabitants themſelves their Country grace;
Hence roſe the *Marſian* and *Sabellian* Race,
Strong-limb'd and ſtout, and to the Wars inclin'd,
And hard *Ligurians*, a laborious Kind;
And Volſcians *arm'd with Iron-headed Darts*,
Beſides, *an Offſpring of undaunted Hearts*.
The *Decii*, *Marii*, great *Camillus* came
From hence, and greater *Scipio*'s double Name:
And mighty *Cæſar*, whoſe victorious Arms
To fartheſt *Aſia* carry fierce Alarms:
Avert *unwarlike Indians* from his *Rome*;
Triumph abroad, ſecure our Peace at Home.
Hail, ſweet *Saturnian* Soil! of fruitful Grain
Great Parent, greater of Illuſtrious Men.
For thee my tuneful Accents will I raiſe,
And treat of Arts diſclos'd in antient Days:
Once more unlock for thee the ſacred Spring,
And old *Aſcræan* Verſe in *Roman* Cities ſing.

Now learn the various *Tempers* of the Fields,
Their *Strength*, Their *Looks*, and what each kindly yields;
Firſt, ſtubborn Land, or a malignant Hill,
Whoſe Soil looſe *Clay* and *Stones* and *Buſhes* fill,
Palladian Plants by native Inſtinct love,
And yield to diſtant Years a fruitful Grove.
This Soil is known, where *Olive* Shoots abound,
And ſavage Berries ſtrew the loaded Ground.
But *where* the *Lands* are fat, and glad with Juice,
Or where Rich Meads the *fertile Dug* produce:
Such as We often, from the ſhagged Brow
Of ſome high Rock, perceive in *Vales* below,
Where Streams full fraught with Happy Slime o'erflow,
Or matted *Fern where* Southern Hillocks bear,
A clinging Weed deteſted by the *Shear*;

Nunc locus arvorum ingeniis: quæ robora cuique;
Quis color, & quæ ſit rebus natura ferendis.
Difficiles primum terræ, colleſque maligni,
Tenuis ubi argilla, & dumoſis calculus arvis,
Palladia *gaudent ſylva vivacis olivæ.*
Indicio eſt, tractu ſurgens oleaſter eodem
Plurimus, & ſtrati baccis ſylveſtribus agri.
At quæ pinguis humus, dulcique uligine læta,
Quique ſrequens herbis & fertilis ubere campus,
Qualem ſæpe cavâ montis convalle ſolemus
Deſpicere: huc ſummis liquuntur rupibus amnes,
Felicemque trahunt limum: Quique editus Auſtro,
Et filicem curvis inviſum paſcit aratris:

The Nature of their ſev'ral Soils now ſee,
Their Strength, their Colour, their Fertility:
And firſt for Heath, and barren hilly Ground,
Where *meager Clay* and flinty Stones abound;
Where the poor Soil all Succour ſeems to want,
Yet this ſuffices the *Palladian* Plant.
Undoubted Signs of ſuch a Soil are found,
For here wild Olive-Shoots o'erſpread the Ground,
And Heaps of Berries ſtrew the Fields around.
But where the Soil, with fat'ning Moiſture fill'd,
Is cloath'd with Graſs and fruitful to be till'd:
Such as in cheerful Vales we view from high;
Which dripping Rocks with rolling Streams ſupply,
And feed with Ooze; *where riſing Hillocks run*
In Length, and open to the Southern Sun:
Where Fern ſucceeds, ungrateful to the Plough,
That *gentle* Ground to *gen'rous* Grapes allow.

This will hereafter yield the ſtouteſt *Vine*,
And flow in Purple Streams of gen'rous Wine;
This fills with *Grapes* the Diſh; *This* Gold adorns
With *Muſt*, when *Tuſcans* blow their Iv'ry Horns,
And maſſy Chargers, bending with their Loads,
Bear reeking Entrails offer'd to the Gods.
But is the Breed of *Herds* your choſen Toil?
Or Store of *Sheep*? or *Goats* that burn the Soil?
Then ſeek *Tarentum*'s Woods, and wat'ry Coaſt,
Or Fields like Thoſe unhappy *Mantua* loſt.
Where Silver *Swans* on gentle Streams are fed,
With Herbage riſing from the fruitful Bed.
No Want of living *Springs*, or tender *Graſs*,
Betrays the *Flock*, or ſtarves the *hopeful Race*:
And all that *Herds* in longeſt Days devour,
In ſhorteſt Nights the cooling *Dews* reſtore.

Hic tibi prævalidas olim multoque fluentes
Sufficiet Baccho *vites: hic fertilis uvæ,*
Hic laticis; qualem pateris libamus & auro,
Inflavit cum pinguis ebur Tyrrhenus *ad auras,*
Lancibus & pandis fumantia reddimus exta.
Sin armenta magis ſtudium vituloſque tueri,
Aut fœtus ovium, aut urentes culta capellas:
Saltus & ſaturi petito longinqua Tarenti,
Et qualem infœlix amiſit Mantua *campum,*
Paſcentem niveos herboſo flumine cycnos;
Non liquidi gregibus fontes, non gramina deſunt,
Et quantum longis carpent armenta diebus,
Exiguâ tantum gelidus ros nocte reponet.

Strong Stocks of Vines it will in time produce,
And overflow the Vats with friendly Juice,
Such as our Prieſts in golden Goblets pour
To Gods, the Givers of the chearful Hour.
Then when the bloated *Thuſcan* blows his Horn,
And reeking Entrails are in Chargers born.
If Herds or fleecy Flocks be more thy Care,
Or Goats that graze the Field, and burn it bare:
Then ſeek Tarentum's *Lawns and fartheſt Coaſt,*
Or ſuch a Field as hapleſs Mantua *loſt:*
Where Silver-Swans ſail down the watry Road
And graze the floating Herbage of the Flood.
There Cryſtal Streams *perpetual Tenour keep,*
Nor Food nor Springs are wanting to thy Sheep.
For what the Day devours, the nightly Dew
Shall to the Morn in Pearly Drops renew.

Lands, to the Eye that *Dark* and *Fat* appear,
Below the Traces of the piercing Share,
Whoſe happy *Soil* is naturally *Looſe* ;
(For this of Ploughing is the genuine Uſe)
Theſe Fields the mighty *Store of Wheat* produce :
From no till'd Plains ſuch loaded Waggons come,
From none ſo num'rous with ſlow Oxen Home :
Or *where* the angry Hind has bar'd the Earth,
With vexing Ploughs, of all its buſhy Birth ;
And grubb'd *dry Groves*, that Length of Years had ſtood
In uſeleſs Sloth : down with the ſounding Wood
The Birds old Manſions fell, and hidden Brood :
They from their Neſts flew upwards to the Head,
Long hover'd round, and piteous Outcry made.

Nigra fere, & preſſo pinguis ſub vomere terra,
Et cui putre ſolum, (namque hoc imitamur arando)
Optuma frumentis, non ullo ex æquore cernes
Plura domum tardis decedere plauſtra juvencis :
Aut unde iratus ſylvam devexit arator,
Et nemora evertit multos ignava per annos,
Antiquaſque domos avium cum ſtirpibus imis
Eruit : illæ altum nidis petiere relictis ;

Fat crumbling Earth is fitter for the Plough,
Putrid and looſe above, and black below :
For Ploughing is an imitative Toil,
Reſembling Nature in an eaſy Soil.
No Land for Seed like this, no Fields afford
So large an Income to the *Village-Lord :*
No toiling Teams from Harveſt-Labour come
So late at Night, ſo heavy-laden Home.
The like of Foreſt-Land is underſtood,
From whence the ſurly Ploughman grubs the Wood,
Which had for Length of Ages idle ſtood.
Then Birds forſake the Ruines of their Seat,
And flying from their Neſts their Callow Young forget.

But

But where the Plough is urg'd on *Rubble Ground*,
Nothing, but *Whitening Furrows*, will be found:
For hungry *Gravel*, that on Hillocks lies,
Scarce *Marjoram* and *Thyme* for Bees ſupplies:
Nor *Stone-braſh* more, nor more the hollow *Chalk*,
Where the black Snake ſcoops out his winding Walk:
No Soil, 'tis ſaid, affords him nicer Food,
Or ſafer Caverns for his ſlimy Brood.
The *Land*, whence Miſts in ſubtile Clouds ariſe,
Which drinks in Moiſture, and at Will ſupplies:
Which cloaths itſelf in Ever-laſting Green,
And where no Ruſt is on the Coulter ſeen:
This round the talleſt *Elm* will twiſt the *Vine*,
This the *fat Olive* ſwell, *This* cheer the *Kine*,
And nothing loth to uſeful *Ploughs* incline.

At rudis enituit impulſo vomere campus:
Nam jejuna quidem cliveſi glarea ruris
Vix humiles apibus caſias roremque miniſtrat:
Et tophus ſcaber; & nigris exeſa chelydris
Creta: negant alios æque ſerpentibus agros
Dulcem ferre cibum, & curvas præbere latebras.
Quæ tenuem exhalat nebulam, fumoſque volucris,
Et bibit humorem, & cum vult ex ſe ipſa remittit,
Quæque ſuo viridi ſemper ſe gramine veſtit,
Nec ſcabie & ſalſâ lædit rubigine ferrum;
Illa tibi lætis intexet vitibus ulmos:
Illa ferax oleæ eſt: Illam experiêre colendo
Et facilem pecori, & patientem vomeris unci.

The coarſe lean Gravel, on the Mountain Sides,
Scarce *dewy Bev'rage* for the Bees provides:
Nor Chalk nor crumbling Stones, the *Food of Snakes*,
That work in hollow Earth their winding Tracks.
The Soil exhaling Clouds of ſubtile Dews,
Imbibing Moiſture, which with Eaſe *ſhe ſpews*;
Which ruſts not Iron, and whoſe Mold is clean,
And cloath'd with chearful Graſs, and Ever-green,
Is good for Olives, and aſpiring Vines,
Embracing Husband-Elms in am'rous Twines;
Is fit for feeding Cattle, fit to ſowe,
And equal to the Paſture and the Plough.

Such

Such is the Soil that wealthy *Capua* boaſts,
Such That which borders on *Veſuvian* Coaſts;
Or where th' impetuous Tide of *Clanius* reigns,
And ſhews no Pity to *Acerra*'s Plains.
  But now from *Signs*, not doubtful, ſhall be ſhown,
How *Heavier* Soils are from the *Lighter* known:
The one for *Corn*, the other fit for *Vines*,
To CERES *cloſe*, to BACCHUS *looſe* inclines.
  Firſt dig a *Pit*, again the Mould interr,
And tread it hard; if *Want of Earth* appear,
That Soil is *Light*, and will be to the *Vine*
A *Loaded Udder*, and to *Bleating Kine*:
But ſhould the Mould *ſwell up* with tow'ring Height,
Spread round the Trench, and proudly *ſcorn the Pit*;
Cloſe is this Soil, and for the Ploughman fit.
Stiff Clods will *This*, and clinging Furrows yield,
Provide the ſtouteſt Steers to rend the Field.

Talem dives Arat Capua, *& vicina* Veſuvo
Ora jugo, & vacuis Clanius *non æquus* Acerris.
  Nunc, quo quamque modo poſſis cognoſcere, dicam.
Rara ſit, an ſupra morem ſi denſa, requiras:
Altera frumentis quoniam favet, altera Baccho:
Denſa, magis Cereri: *rariſſima quæque,* Lyæo;
Ante locum capies oculis: alteque jubebis
In ſolido puteum demitti, omnemque repones
Rurſus humum, & pedibus ſummas æquabis arenas.
Si deerunt; rarum, pecorique & vitibus almis
Aptius uber erit. Sin in ſua poſſe negabunt
Ire loca, & ſcrobibus ſuperabit terra repletis,
Spiſſus ager; glebas cunctantes craſſaque terga
Exſpecta, & validis terram proſcinde juvencis.

Such is the Soil of fat *Campanian* Fields,
Such large Increaſe the Land that joins *Veſuvius* yields.
And ſuch a Country cou'd *Acerra* boaſt,
'Till *Clanius* over-flow'd th' unhappy Coaſt.
  I teach thee next the diff'ring Soils to know;
The light for Vines, the heavier for the Plough.
Chuſe firſt a Place for ſuch a Purpoſe fit,
Then dig the ſolid Earth, and ſink a Pit:
Next fill the Hole with its own Earth again,
And trample with thy Feet, and tread it in:
Then if it riſe not to the former Height
Of Superfice, conclude that Soil is light;
A proper Ground for Paſturage and Vines;
But if the ſullen Earth, ſo preſs'd, repines
Within its native Manſion to retire,
And ſtays without, a Heap of heavy Mire,
'Tis good for Arable, a Glebe that *asks*
Tough Teams of Oxen, and laborious Tasks.

But

But all your Time and Labour will be waſte,
On Earth that's *Salt* and *Bitter* to the Taſte:
Unhappy Soil! no Share its Nature tames,
Here neither *Grapes* their *Kinds*, nor *Apples* keep their *Names*.
Thus learn its *Bent*: a *cloſe-wove Baſket* chooſe,
There place the Strainer of thy Vineyard's Juice:
Then tread that *evil Earth* below the Brim,
And pour in Water from the pureſt Stream:
All the ſoft Wave will ſtruggle thro' the Ground,
And guſhing Drops the Oſier Orb ſurround.
But moſt its Nature by the *Taſte* appears,
For this a certain Indication bears,
When the *wry Mouth* the *bitter Juice* declares.
Thus alſo we diſcern the *Richeſt* Land,
It *never crumbles* in the ſqueezing Hand:
But *ſpreads*, grows *ſoft*, and to the Fingers *cleaves*;
Not *Pitch* when warm a clammier Matter leaves.

Salſa autem tellus, & quæ perhibetur amara,
Frugibus infælix: ea nec manſueſcit arando;
Nec Baccho *genus, aut* Pomis *ſua nomina ſervat:*
Tale dabit ſpecimen: tu ſpiſſo vimine quales,
Colaque prelorum fumoſis deripe tectis.
Huc ager ille malus, dulceſque à fontibus undæ
Ad plenum calcentur: aqua eluctabitur omnis
Scilicet, & grandes ibunt per vimina guttæ.
At ſapor indicium faciet manifeſtus, & ora
Triſtia tentantum ſenſu torquebit amaror.
Pinguis itera quæ ſit tellus, hoc denique pacto
Diſcimus: haud unquam manibus jactata fatiſcit,
Sed picis in morem ad digitos lenteſcit habendo.

Salt Earth and bitter are not fit to ſow,
Nor will be tam'd and mended by the Plough.
Sweet Grapes degen'rate there; and Fruits, declin'd
From their firſt flav'rous Taſte, renounce their Kind.
This Truth by ſure Experiment is try'd;
For firſt an Oſier Colendar provide
Of Twigs thick wrought, (ſuch toiling Peaſants twine.
When thro' ſtreight Paſſages they ſtrein their Wine;)
In this cloſe Veſſel place *that Earth accurs'd,*
But fill'd Brim-full with wholeſome Water firſt,
Then run it thro', the Drops will rope around,
And by the bitter Taſte diſcloſe the Ground.
The fatter Earth by handling we may find,
With Eaſe diſtinguiſh'd from the meager Kind.
Poor Soil will crumble into Duſt, the Rich
Will to the Fingers cleave like clammy Pitch.

Rank

Rank Herbs diſcloſe the *Moiſture* of their Grounds,
Unequal Chearfulneſs in theſe abounds:
Oh! may not *mine* ſo vainly proud appear,
Nor ſhew their Vigour in the tender Ear!
The *Light*, and *Heavy* in the Balance try,
The *Black* and *other Colours* ſtrike the Eye:
But difficult it is, to know the *Cold*,
Yet *This* by *Firr* and *Yew* and *Ivy*'s told,
Theſe ſhew the Foot-ſteps of the *wicked Mould.*
Mark well theſe Rules; and then your *Soil* prepare,
Expoſe it long to *Rains*, and *Northern Air*,
And *Drain*, and *Trench* it well, and *Smooth* its Face,
Long e're You plant the *Vineyard*'s joyful Race:
Lands, fit for *Vineyards*, ever muſt be *Looſe*,
This Winds, and Froſts, and lab'ring Spades produce.

Humida majores herbas alit, ipſaque juſto
Lætior; ah nimium ne ſit mihi fertilis illa,
Neu ſe prævalidam primis oſtendat ariſtis!
Quæ gravis eſt, ipſo tacitam ſe pondere prodit;
Quæque levis. Promptum eſt oculis prædiſcere nigram,
Et quiſquis color. At ſceleratum exquirere frigus
Difficile eſt; piceæ tantum, taxique nocentes
Interdum, aut hederæ pandunt veſtigia nigræ.
His animadverſis, terram multo ante memento
Excoquere, & magnos ſcrobibus concidere montes:
Ante ſupinatas Aquiloni oſtendere glebas,
Quam lætum infodias vitis genus: optima putri
Arva ſolo: id venti curant, gelidæque pruinæ,
Et labefacta movens robuſtus jugera foſſor.

Moiſt Earth produces Corn and Graſs, but both
Too rank and too luxuriant in their Growth.
Let not my Land ſo large a Promiſe boaſt,
Leſt the lank Ears in length of Stem be loſt.
The heavier Earth is by her Weight *betray'd*,
The lighter in the poiſing Hand is weigh'd:
'Tis eaſy to diſtinguiſh by the Sight
The Colour of the Soil, *and Black from White.*
But the cold Ground is difficult to know,
Yet this the Plants that proſper there will ſhow;
Black Ivy, Pitch-Trees, and the baleful Yew,
Theſe Rules conſider'd well, with early Care
The Vineyard deſtin'd for thy Vines prepare:
But, long before the Planting, dig the Ground,
With Furrows deep that caſt a riſing Mound:
The Clods, expos'd to Winter Winds, will *bake;*
For putrid Earth will beſt in Vineyards take,
And hoary Froſts, after the painful Toil
Of delving Hinds, will rot the mellow Soil.

But

But thoſe few *Swains*, who no Precaution ſpare,
Of the *ſame Soil* one choſen Plot prepare,
Firſt to bring out the *Bud*, and then the Plant to rear:
Leſt Infant-Saplings miſs the Mother-Earth,
And Foſter-Mould ſhould check the hopeful Birth:
Beſides: on ev'ry ſingle Plant they mark
The native Aſpect in the tender Bark:
Which Part its Back turn'd to the *Pole*, which bore
The *Southern Heats*, and each to each reſtore.
Such Power has Cuſtom! ſuch Effects can Uſe
In Tender, Infant, Pliant Things produce!
Now *Hill* or *Valley* chooſe to bear the *Vine:*
Should you to *Plains* of Richer Mould incline,
Set *thick* your Plants, nor will the God refuſe
To ſwell their crowded Dugs with Purple Juice;

At ſi quos haud ulla viros vigilantia fugit;
Ante locum ſimilem exquirunt, ubi prima paretur
Arboribus ſeges, & quo mox digeſta feratur,
Mutatam ignorent ſubito ne ſemina matrem.
Quin etiam cœli regionem in cortice ſignant:
Ut, quo quæque modo ſteterit, qua parte calores
Auſtrinos tulerit, quæ terga obverterit axi,
Reſtituant. Adeo in teneris conſueſcere multum eſt.
Collibus, an Plano melius ſit ponere vitem,
Quære prius. Si pinguis agros metabere campi,
Denſa ſere: in denſo non ſegnior ubere Bacchus.

Some Peaſants, not t' omit the niceſt Care,
Of the ſame Soil their Nurſery prepare,
With that of their Plantation; *leſt the Tree*
Tranſlated, ſhould not with the Soil agree.
Beſide, to plant it, as it was, they mark
The Heav'ns four Quarters on the tender Bark;
And to the North or South reſtore the Side,
Which at their Birth did Heat or Cold abide.
So ſtrong is Cuſtom; ſuch Effects can Uſe
In tender Souls of pliant Plants produce.
Chooſe next a Province for thy Vineyards *Reign*
In Hills above, or in the lowly Plain:
If fertile Fields or Valleys be thy Choice,
Plant thick, for bounteous *Bacchus* will rejoice
In cloſe Plantations there; but if the Vine
On riſing Ground be plac'd, or Hills ſupine,

But if to *gentle Riſe* or *ſloping Bank*,
Your Judgment leads: Then *widen* ev'ry Rank.
And ſee you make it your peculiar Care
To range each Walk exactly by the Square.
As when two mighty Armies all in Sight,
Stretch'd on ſome open Plain, expect the Fight;
Legions and Cohorts in their Stations plac'd,
And the whole War with wondrous Order grac'd;
From Hoſt to Hoſt the Glare of Armour ſtreams,
And all the Field waves far with glitt'ring Beams;
Nor yet in horrid Fray the Battle joins,
Nor wild Confuſion breaks the curious Lines:
But *Mars* ſurveys and paſſes ev'ry Line,
And doubts to whom the Combat will incline.
So let your Walks in meaſur'd Spaces lie;
Nor is this only to delight the Eye:

Sin, tumulis acclive ſolum, colliſque ſupinos,
Indulge ordinibus: nec ſecius omnis in unguem
Arboribus poſitis ſecto via limite quadret.
Ut ſæpe ingenti bello cum longa cohortis
Explicuit legio, & campo ſtetit agmen aperto,
Directæque acies, ac late fluctuat omnis
Ære renidenti tellus, nec dum horrida miſcent
Prælia, ſed dubius mediis Mars *errat in armis.*
Omnia ſint paribus numeris dimenſa viarum:
Non animum modò uti paſcat proſpectus inanem:

Extend thy looſe Battalions largely wide,
Opening thy Ranks and Files on either Side:
But marſhall'd all in Order as they ſtand,
And let no Soldier ſtraggle from his Band.
As Legions in the Field their Front diſplay,
To try the Fortune of ſome doubtful Day,
And move to meet their Foes with ſober Pace,
Strict to their Figure tho' in wider Space;
Before the Battle joins, while from afar
The Field yet glitters with the Pomp of War,
And equal *Mars*, like an impartial Lord,
Leaves all to Fortune, and the Dint of Sword,
So let thy Vines in Intervals be ſet,
But not their Rural Diſcipline forget:
Indulge their Width, and add a roomy Space,
That their extremeſt Lines may ſcarce embrace:
Nor this alone t' indulge a vain Delight,
And make a pleaſing Proſpect for the Sight:

But that no other Way the Earth beſtows
Vigour and equal Strength on all the Rows,
Or have they room to ſhoot at large their Boughs.
Perchance you'll ask, *how deep* to plant the *Vine*;
In ſhallow Furrows I dare venture mine.
For *ſolid Trees* a diff'rent Trench prepare,
Dig *Low* in Earth, and plunge them *deeply* There;
The *Beech* ſtands firſt of thoſe that claim this Care.
As far as with His *Head* to *Heaven* He tends,
So far He with His *Root* to *Hell* deſcends;
Hence 'tis, that neither Winds, nor Storms, nor Rains
Bear down his Height: Unmov'd He all ſuſtains:
And whilſt his Orb of Time rolls ſlowly on,
Man's Years, Ages of Man are ſwiftly flown:
Lo! what vaſt Boughs! what beamy Arms are ſpread!
Himſelf, full in the midſt, lifts up the mighty Shade.

Sed quia non aliter vires dabit omnibus æquas
Terra, neque in vacuum poterunt ſe extendere rami.
Forſitan & ſcrobibus quæ ſint faſtigia quæras;
Auſim vel tenui vitem committere ſulco;
Altior ac penitus terræ defigitur arbos,
Æſculus *in primis: quæ quantum vertice ad auras*
Ætherias, tantum radice in Tartara tendit.
Ergo non hiemes illam, non flabra, neque imbres
Convellunt, immota manet, multoſque per annos
Multa virûm volvens durando ſæcula vincit.
Tum fortis late ramos & brachia tendens
Huc illuc, media ipſa ingentem ſuſtinet umbram.

But for the Ground it ſelf, this only Way
Can equal Vigour to the Plants convey;
Which crouded want the Room their Branches to diſplay.
How deep they muſt be planted, would'ſt thou know?
In ſhallow Furrows Vines ſecurely grow.
Not ſo the reſt of Plants; for *Jove*'s own Tree,
That holds the Woods in *awful Sov'reignty*,
Requires a *Depth of Lodging* in the Ground;
And next the lower Skies, a Bed profound:
High as his topmoſt Boughs to Heav'n aſcend,
So low his Roots to Hell's Dominion tend.
Therefore, nor Winds, nor Winter's Rage o'erthrows
His bulky Body, but unmov'd he grows.
For Length of Ages laſts his happy Reign,
And Lives of Mortal *Man contend in vain.*
Full in the Midſt of his own Strength he ſtands,
Stretching his *brawny* Arms, and leafy Hands;
His Shade protects the Plains, his Head the Hills commands.

Plant not thy *Vineyard* where the Sun declines;
Nor let the *Hazle* mix with curling *Vines*;
Nor *Pull the Shoot* that near the Summit grows;
Nor raſhly *ſliver off* luxuriant Boughs;
Nor *hurt* (ſuch Love Thou for thy *Vines* ſhould'ſt feel)
Nor *hurt* their tender Limbs with blunted Steel;
Nor graft *Wild Olives* near thy Vintage-Land;
For oft a *Spark*, dropp'd by ſome careleſs Hand,
Firſt in the *unctuous Rind* itſelf conceals,
And round the *Stem* in ſilent Windings ſteals;
Then thro' the *Leaves* with rapid Fury flies,
And ſends up horrid Crackling to the Skies;
Purſuing now, where Hopes of Conqueſt lead,
Subdues the *Boughs*, and triumphs o'er the *Head*:
In Flames at length involving all the Woods,
Drives dark'ning up to Heav'n a Night of pitchy Cloud.

Neve tibi ad ſolem vergant vineta cadentem:
Neve inter vites corulum ſere: neve flagella
Summa pete, aut ſumma deſtringe ex arbore plantas:
(Tantus amor terræ) neu ferro læde retruſo
Semina, neve oleæ ſilveſtris inſere truncos.
Nam ſæpe incautis paſtoribus excidit ignis,
Qui furtim pingui primum ſub cortice tectus
Robora comprendit, frondeſque elapſus in altas
Ingentem cœlo ſonitum dedit; Inde ſecutus
Per ramos victor, perque alta cacumina regnat,
Et totum involvit flammis nemus, & ruit atram
Ad cœlum picea craſſus caligine nubem:

The hurtful Hazle in thy Vineyard ſhun
Nor plant it to receive the ſetting Sun:
Nor break the topmoſt Branches from the Tree;
Nor prune, with blunted Knife, the Progeny.
Root up wild Olives from thy labour'd Lands:
For ſparkling Fire, from Hinds unwary Hands,
Is often ſcatter'd o'er their unctuous Rinds,
And after ſpread abroad by raging Winds.
For firſt the ſmouldring Flame the Trunk receives,
Aſcending thence, it crackles in the Leaves:
At length victorious to the Top aſpires,
Involving all the Wood in ſmoky Fires,

But

But ſhould a *Storm* deſcend with roaring Sound,
Ball up the Burnings, and o'erſpread the Ground;
No more the *Stocks* with verdant Shoots revive,
No more *ſuch Plants* within that Soil will thrive;
The diſmal ſavage *Olive* ſpreads the Plain,
And with his *Bitter Leaves* ſecures his hateful Reign.
Let no one teach you, be he e'er ſo Wiſe,
To *ſtir the Ground*, when *Northern Tempeſts* riſe;
Then *Winter-Froſts* congeal the clotted Mould,
And ſhriv'ling Roots can take no ſteady Hold.
Plant beſt the *Vine*, when in the *Spring*'s freſh Bloom,
The Milk-white Bird, the Dread of Snakes, is come:
Or in the gentle Cool of *Autumn*'s Birth,
When ſultry Months no longer ſcorch the Earth;
Nor yet the *Fiery Steeds*, with rapid Pace,
Have reach'd the Confines of their Wint'ry Race.

Præſertim ſi tempeſtas a vertice ſylvis
Incubuit, glomeratque ferens incendia ventus.
Hoc ubi; non a ſtirpe valent, cæſæque reverti
Poſſunt, atque ima ſimiles revireſcere terra:
Infelix ſuperat foliis oleaſter amaris.
Nec tibi tam prudens quiſquam perſuadeat auctor,
Tellurem Borea rigidam ſpirante moveri.
Rura gelu tum claudit hiems: nec ſemine jacto
Concretam patitur radicem adfigere terræ.
Optima vinetis ſatio, cum vere rubenti
Candida venit avis longis inviſa colubris:
Prima vel autumni ſub frigora, cum rapidus Sol
Nondum hiemem contingit equis. Jam præterit æſtas.

But moſt, when driv'n by Winds, the flaming Storm
Of the long Files deſtroys the beauteous Form.
In Aſhes then th' unhappy Vineyard lies,
Nor will the blaſted Plants from Ruine riſe;
Nor will the wither'd Stock be green again,
But the wild Olive ſhoots, and ſhades th' ungrateful Plain.
Be not ſeduc'd with Wiſdom's empty Shews,
To ſtir the Peaceful Ground when *Boreas* blows
When Winter Froſts conſtrain the Field with Cold,
The fainty Root can take no ſteady Hold.
But when the Golden Spring reveals the Year,
And the white Bird returns, whom Serpents fear:
That Seaſon deem the beſt to plant thy Vines,
Next that, is when Autumnal Warmth *declines*:
E're Heat is quite decay'd, or Cold begun,
Or *Capricorn* admits the Winter Sun.

The

The *Spring* to Foreſts yields a kindly Aid,
To Woods *the Spring* reſtores the uſeful Shade:
In the kind *Spring* the Lands are big with Juice,
And ask for *Seeds* that give a vaſt Produce.
Then the all-potent Air, prolifick Show'rs
On the ſoft Lap of his glad Conſort pours:
From her vaſt Womb the mighty Store proceeds,
And all, the mighty He commix'd, with Plenty feeds.
Then *Birds* their Songs repeat to ev'ry Grove:
And *Herds* perceive the Seaſon of their Love:
Then teem the *Fields*, and make their Boſoms bare
To the warm Breezes of the Weſtern Air:
Then *kindly Moiſture* laviſhly abounds,
And *Plants* brave Infant Suns in dewy Grounds.
Nor fears the *Vine* leſt Southern Storms ſhould riſe,
Or the rough North pour Rivers from the Skies,

Ver adeo frondi nemorum, ver utile ſylvis:
Vere tument terræ, & genitalia ſemina poſcunt.
Tum pater omnipotens fœcundis imbribus Æther
Conjugis in gremium lætæ deſcendit, & omnes
Magnus alit, magno commixtus corpore, fœtus.
Avia tum reſonant avibus virgulta canoris,
Et Venerem *certis repetunt armenta diebus:*
Parturit almus ager, Zephyrique tepentibus auris
Laxant arva ſinus. Superat tener omnibus humor;
Inque novos ſoles audent ſe gramina tuto
Credere: nec metuit ſurgentis pampinus auſtros,
Aut actum cœlo magnis aquilonibus imbrem:

The Spring adorns the Wood, renews the Leaves;
The Womb of Earth the genial Seed receives.
For then Almighty *Jove* deſcends, *and pours*
Into his buxom Bride his fruitful Show'rs;
And mixing His large Limbs with Hers, he feeds
Her Births with kindly Juice, and foſters teeming Seeds.
Then joyous Birds frequent the lonely Grove,
And Beaſts, by Nature ſtung, renew their Love:
Then Fields the Blades of buried Corn diſcloſe
And while the balmy Weſtern Spirit blows,
Earth to the Breath her Boſom dares expoſe:
With kindly Moiſture then the Plants abound,
The Graſs ſecurely ſprings above the Ground;
The tender Twig ſhoots upward to the Skies,
And *on the Faith* of the new Sun relies.
The ſwerving Vines on the tall Elms prevail,
Unhurt by Southern Show'rs, or Northern Hail.

But

But boldly ſhoots Her *Buds* from ev'ry Bough,
And all her *Leaves* diſplays with pompous Show.
So *dawn'd* the Days, ſuch was, methinks, their Courſe
In the weak Childhood of the Univerſe:
Then *Spring* was all, for then the mighty Ring
Roll'd free from Winter's Storms in conſtant *Spring*.
When new-born *Herds* firſt ſuck'd in Heav'nly Light,
And gaz'd with Wonder at the daz'ling Sight:
When firſt *Mankind*, a ſtubborn, hardy Breed,
Shot thro' the Clotted Earth His daring Head:
And *Beaſts* to Woods, and *Stars* to Heaven fled.
Nor could ſuch tender Things have born the Jars,
Of *Heat* and *Cold*, and their perpetual Wars:
Had not kind Heaven diſpos'd them all to *Peace*,
And plac'd the *Infant-World* in perfect Eaſe.

Sed trudit gemmas, & frondes explicat omnis.
Non alios prima creſcentis origine mundi
Inluxiſſe dies, aliumve habuiſſe tenorem
Crediderim, Ver illud erat. Ver magnus agebat
Orbis, & hibernis parcebant fluctibus Euri:
Cum primæ lucem pecudes hauſere, virûmque
Ferrea progenies duris caput extulit arvis,
Immiſſæque feræ ſylvis, & ſidera cœlo.
Nec res hunc teneræ poſſint perferre laborem,
Si non tanta quies iret friguſque caloremque
Inter, & exciperet cœli indulgentia terras.

They ſpread their Gems the genial Warmth to ſhare:
And boldly truſt their Buds in open Air.
In this ſoft Seaſon (let me dare to ſing)
The World was hatch'd by Heav'n's Imperial King:
In prime of all the Year, and Holy-days of Spring.
Then did the new Creation firſt appear;
Nor other was the Tenour of the Year:
When laughing Heav'n did the great Birth attend,
And Eaſtern Winds their Wint'ry Breath ſuſpend:
When Sheep firſt ſaw the Sun in open Fields:
And ſalvage Beaſts were ſent to ſtock the Wilds;
And Golden Stars flew up to light the Skies,
And Man's relentleſs Race from ſtony Quarries *riſe*.
Nor could the tender, new Creation, bear
Th' exceſſive Heats or Coldneſs of the Year:
But chill'd by Winter, or by Summer fir'd,
The middle Temper of the Spring requir'd.
When Warmth and Moiſture did at once abound,
And Heav'n's Indulgence brooded on the Ground.

Now, when you bend the *Layer* to the Ground,
Strew rotten Dung, and heap the Earth around.
Or porous *Slates*, or *Cockles* place below;
Hence thro' the Chinks will *Moiſture* gently flow,
Hence a ſoft *Breeze* will ſlide beneath the Root,
And *hence* the vig'rous Plant will boldly ſhoot.
Some *Stones* and *Potſherds* pile with careful Hands;
This againſt driving *Storms* a *Bulwark* ſtands
This when the *Scorching Dog* cleaves all the gaping Lands.
High as your *Plant* oft' raiſe the neighb'ring Soil
And tear it with the *Prong* or *Coulter's* Toil:
Even in the *Vineyard* muſt you urge the *Plough*,
And wind the reſtiff *Steers* around each Row:
Then place, where-e'er the Branch depending ſpreads,
Peel'd Boughs, or Aſhen Poles, or Stakes with Forky Heads;
Supported *Thus*, they brave the Tempeſt's Rage,
And climb the lofty *Elm* from Stage to Stage.

Quod ſupereſt, quacunque premes virgulta per agros
Sparge ſimo pingui, & multa memor occule terra:
Aut lapidem bibulum, aut ſqualentes infode conchas.
Inter enim labentur aquæ, tenuiſque ſubibit
Halitus: atque animos tollent ſata. Jamque reperti,
Qui ſaxo ſuper, atque ingenti pondere teſtæ
Urgerent: hoc effuſos munimen ad imbres:
Hoc, ubi hiulca ſitu findit canis æſtifer arva.
Seminibus poſitis, ſupereſt deducere terram
Sæpius ad capita, & duros jactare bidentis:
Aut preſſo exercere ſolum ſub vomere, & ipſa
Flectere luctantis inter vineta juvencos.
Tum levis calamos & raſæ haſtilia virgæ,
Fraxineaſque aptare ſudes, furcaſque bicornes:
Viribus eniti quarum, & contemnere ventos
Adſueſcant, ſummaſque ſequi tabulata per ulmos.

For what remains, in Depth of Earth ſecure
Thy cover'd Plants, and dung with *hot Manure*;
And Shells and Gravel in the Ground encloſe;
For thro' their hollow Chinks the Water flows:
Which, thus imbib'd, *returns in miſty Dews*,
And ſteaming up, the riſing Plant renews.
Some Husbandmen of late have found the Way
A hilly Heap of Stones above to lay,
And preſs the Plants with Sherds of Potters Clay.
This Fence againſt immediate Rain they found:
Or when the Dog-Star cleaves the thirſty Ground.
Be mindful when thou haſt *intomb'd* the Shoot,
With Store of Earth around to feed the Root;
With Iron Teeth of Rakes and Prongs, to move
The cruſted Earth, and looſen it above.
Then exerciſe thy ſturdy Steers to plow
Betwixt thy Vines, and teach thy feeble Row
To mount on Reeds, and Wands, and upwards led,
On Aſhen Poles to raiſe their forky Head.
On theſe new Crutches let them learn to walk,
'Till ſwerving upwards, with a ſtronger Stalk
They brave the Winds, and, clinging to their Guide,
On tops of Elms at length triumphant ride.

But

But whilſt the *Infant-Saplin* only bears
The new-born *Leaf*, indulge his tender Years;
And when the *Boughs* in ſprightly Pride appear,
Let looſe the Reins, and wanton in the Air;
Nor yet thy Pruner try; but gently pull
The roving Shoots, and hurtful Branches cull:
But when anon *They* tour with manly Grace,
And claſp the friendly *Elm* in cloſe Embrace;
Then *ſtrip* Their Arms, Then clip the ſtraggling Lock,
'Till now *They* ſhrunk and trembled at the *Hook*,
Now muſt You rule, and make them feel the Stroke.
Next *weave* a ſtubborn *Woody Fence* around;
And keep pernicious Cattle from the Ground,
Chiefly when *tender Shoots* at firſt appear,
Hardſhips and Toil as yet unfit to bear:

At, dum prima novis adoleſcit frondibus ætas,
Parcendum teneris: & dum ſe lætus ad auras
Palmes agit, laxis per purum immiſſus habenis,
Ipſa acies nondum falcis tentanda, ſed uncis
Carpendæ manibus frondes, interque legendæ.
Inde ubi jam validis amplexæ ſtirpibus ulmos
Exierint, tum ſtringe comas, tum brachia tonde,
Ante reformidant ferrum: tum denique dura
Exerce imperia, & ramos compeſce fluentis.
Texendæ ſepes etiam, & pecus omne tenendum:
Præcipue dum frons tenera imprudenſque laborum:

But in their tender *Nonage*, while they ſpread
Their ſpringing Leafs, and lift their Infant Head,
And upward while they ſhoot in open Air,
Indulge their Childhood, and the Nurſeling ſpare,
Nor exerciſe thy Rage on new-born Life,
But let thy Hand ſupply thy pruning Knife;
And crop luxuriant Stragglers, nor be loth
To ſtrip the Branches of their leafy Growth:
But when the rooted Vines, with ſteady Hold,
Can claſp their Elms, then Husbandman be bold
To top the diſobedient Boughs, that ſtray'd
Beyond their Ranks: let crooked Steel invade
The lawleſs Troops, which Diſcipline diſclaim,
And their ſuperfluous Growth with Rigour tame.
Next, fenc'd with Hedges and deep Ditches round,
Exclude th' incroaching Cattle from thy Ground,
While yet the tender Gems but juſt appear,
Unable to ſuſtain th' uncertain Year;

In parching *Summer*, and in Winter-Snows,
Wild Beaſts and wanton *Goats* inſult the Boughs,
And *Sheep* and hungry *Heifers* feed the luſcious Browze.
Not hoary *Froſts*, not all the Dint of Cold
That hardens into Stone the yielding Mould,
Not raging *Heats*, that pierce thro' thirſty Rocks,
Make ſuch deſtructive Havock as *thoſe Flocks*,
With ſuch invenom'd Teeth they ſcar the ſappy Stocks.
'Tis for this Crime *the Goat* a Victim lies,
Wherever ſacred Flames to *Bacchus* riſe;
And Hence Old Sports began, a *Goat* the Prize.
For *This* th' *Athenian* Race produc'd their *Plays*,
In crowded Villages and croſſing Ways;
And *ſome* the puft-up Skin beſmear'd with Oil,
And in their merry Cups leap'd o'er the greaſy Spoil.

Cui, ſuper indignas hiemes, ſolemque potentem,
Silveſtres uri aſſidue capreæque ſequaces
Inludunt: paſcuntur oves avidæque juvencæ.
Frigora neq; tantum cana concreta pruina,
Aut gravis incumbens ſcopulis arentibus æſtas,
Quantum illi nocuere greges, durique venenum
Dentis, & admorſo ſignata in ſtirpe cicatrix.
Non aliam ob culpam Baccho *caper omnibus aris*
Cæditur, & veteres ineunt proſcœnia ludi:
Præmiaque ingentis pagos & compita circum
Theſeidæ *poſuere, atque inter pocula læti*
Mollibus in pratis unctos ſaluere per utres.

Whoſe Leaves are not alone foul Winter's Prey,
But oft by Summer Suns are ſcorch'd away;
And worſe than both, become th'unworthy Browze
Of Buffalo's, Salt Goats, and hungry Cows,
For not December's *Froſt that burns the Boughs,*
Nor Dog-days parching Heat, *that ſplits the Rocks,*
Are half ſo harmful as the greedy Flocks;
Their venom'd Bite, and Scars indented on the Stocks.
For this the Malefactor Goat was laid
On *Bacchus'* Altar, and his Forfeit paid.
At *Athens* thus old Comedy began,
When round the Streets the reeling Actors ran;
In Country Villages, and croſſing Ways,
Contending for the Prizes of their Plays:
And glad, with *Bacchus*, on the graſſy Soil,
Leap'd o'er the Skins of Goats beſmear'd with Oil.

Thus

Thus the Remains of *Troy*, *Auſonian* Swains,
Perform their noiſy *Rites* in uncouth Strains;
Each frightful Face is cut from hollow Rind,
With Songs to *Bacchus* in full Concert join'd,
They ride on *Swings* ſuſpended in the Wind.
Hence bleſt with mighty Stores each *Vineyard* grows,
And ev'ry *Vale*, or *Hill*, with *Cluſters* flows,
Where'er the *God* his gracious Looks beſtows.
Then We of *Bacchus* will reſound the Praiſe,
In antient, ſolemn, tributary Lays:
Let *Cakes* in Chargers, and a *Hallow'd Goat*,
Dragg'd by the Horns, be to his *Altars* brought:
Before the *Hearth*, where fragrant Clouds aſcend,
With choſen Entrails *Hazel* Spits ſhall bend.

Nec non Auſonii, Troja *gens miſſa, coloni*
Verſibus incomtis ludunt, riſuque ſoluto;
Oraque corticibus ſumunt horrenda cavatis:
Et te, Bacche, *vocant per carmina læta, tibique*
Oſcilla ex alta ſuſpendunt mollia pinu.
Hinc omnis largo pubeſcit vinea fœtu:
Complentur valleſque cavæ ſaltuſque profundi,
Et quocumque Deus *circum caput egit honeſtum.*
Ergo rite ſuum Baccho *dicemus honorem*
Carminibus patriis, lanceſque & liba feremus;
Et ductus cornu ſtabit ſacer hircus ad aram,
Pinguiaque in verubus torrebimus exta colurnis.

Thus *Roman* Youth, deriv'd from ruin'd *Troy*,
In rude *Saturnian* Rhymes expreſs their Joy:
With Taunts, and Laughter loud, their Audience pleaſe,
Deform'd with Vizards, cut from Barks of Trees:
In jolly Hymns they praiſe the God of Wine,
Whoſe Earthen Images adorn the Pine;
And there are hung on high, in Honour of the Vine:
A Madneſs ſo devout the Vineyard fills.
In hollow Valleys and on riſing Hills;
On whate'er Side he turns his honeſt Face,
And dances in the Wind, thoſe Fields are in his Grace.
To *Bacchus* therefore let us tune our Lays,
And in our *Mother Tongue* reſound his Praiſe.
Thin Cakes in Chargers, and a guilty Goat,
Dragg'd by the Horns, be to his Altars brought;
Whoſe offer'd Entrails ſhall his Crime reproach,
And drip their Fatneſs from the Hazel-Broach,

Another Labour muſt be now begun,
For Something to the *Vine* muſt ſtill be done;
And thrice and four times, an eternal Toil!
With Ploughs and Harrows yearly tear the Soil,
And eaſe the *Vineyard* of its leafy Spoil.
The Peaſant's *Labour* round a Circle leads,
And with the *Year* on his own Steps he treads.
When now the *Vine* her Leaves reſigns at laſt;
When Northern Winds deſcend with furious Blaſt,
Roar thro' the Groves, and all their Honours waſte;
Ev'n then the painful Hind extends his Care,
With prudent Foreſight to the coming Year:
He ſeeks the *Vine* which he had juſt forſook,
And cuts, and prunes, and ſhapes it with his Hook.

Eſt etiam ille labor curandis vitibus alter:
Cui numquam exhauſti ſatis eſt. Namque omne quotannis
Terque quaterque ſolum ſcindendum, glebaque verſis
Æternum frangenda bidentibus: omne levandum
Fronde nemus. Redit agricolis labor actus in orbem,
Atque in ſe ſua per veſtigia volvitur annus.
Et jam olim ſeras poſuit cum vinea frondis,
Frigidus & ſylvis aquilo decuſſit honorem,
Jam tum acer curas venientem extendit in annum
Ruſticus, & curvo Saturni *dente relictam*
Perſequitur vitem attondens, fingitque putando.

To dreſs thy Vines new Labour is requir'd,
Nor muſt the painful Husbandman be tir'd:
For thrice, at leaſt, in Compaſs of the Year,
Thy Vineyard muſt employ the ſturdy Steer
To turn the Glebe; beſides thy daily Pain
To break the Clods, and make the Surface plain:
T' unload the Branches, or the Leaves to thin,
That ſuck the vital Moiſture of the Vine.
Thus in a Circle runs the Peaſant's Pain,
And the Year rolls within itſelf again.
Ev'n in the *loweſt* Months, when Storms have ſhed
From Vines the *hairy Honours* of their Head;
Not then the drudging Hind his Labour ends;
But to the coming Year his Care extends;
Ev'n then the naked Vine *he perſecutes*;
His pruning Knife at *once reforms and cuts*.

Be *Firſt* to *trench* the Ground, be *Firſt* to *burn*
The Refuſe Off-cuts : Firſt the *Poles* return
Beneath thy Roof : Theſe Toils require your Haſte ;
But ſtill to *reap your Vintage* be the *Laſt*.
Twice with pernicious Shade the *Vines* abound,
Twice Weeds and Buſhes cover all the Ground ;
Both theſe by Turns inceſſant Toil create ;
Commend a *large*, but Till a *ſmall* Eſtate.
Nor muſt you not the binding *Furze* prepare ;
Nor muſt not *Reeds* and *Sallows* be your Care ;
For *That* to Woods, for *Theſe* to Streams repair.
Now the *Vine* bound, and now the *Hook* laid down,
Now joyful Songs the finiſh'd Labours crown :
Yet muſt the Peaſant move the Earth again,
And drudge and ſwelter in the duſty Plain.
At laſt the Dread ſucceeds to all this Toil :
Leſt *Storms* or *Rains* the mellow *Vintage* ſpoil.

Primus humum fodito, primus devecta cremato
Sarmenta, et vallos primus ſub tecta referto :
Poſtremus metito. Bis vitibus ingruit umbra :
Bis ſegetem denſis obducunt ſentibus herbæ,
Durus uterque labor. Laudato ingentia rura :
Exiguum colito. Necnon etiam aſpera ruſci
Vimina per ſylvam, & ripis fluvialis arundo
Cæditur, incultique exercet cura ſalicti.
Jam vinctæ vites : jam falcem arbuſta reponunt :
Jam canit extremos effætus vinitor antes.
Sollicitanda tamen tellus, pulviſque movendus,
Et jam maturis metuendus Jupiter *uvis.*

Be firſt to dig the Ground, be firſt to burn
The Branches lopt, and firſt the Props return
Into thy Houſe, *that bore the burthen'd Vines*,
But laſt to reap the Vintage of thy Wines.
Twice in the Year luxuriant Leaves o'erſhade
Th' incumber'd Vine, rough Brambles twice invade ;
Hard Labour both ! commend the large Exceſs
Of ſpacious Vineyards ; cultivate the leſs.
Beſides, in Woods the Shrubs of prickly Thorn,
Sallows and Reeds, on Banks of Rivers born,
Remain to cut ; for Vineyards uſeful found,
To ſtay thy Vines, and fence thy fruitful Ground.
Now when thy tender Trees at length are bound ;
When peaceful Vines from Pruning-Hooks are free,
When *Husbands* have ſurvey'd the laſt Degree,
And *utmoſt Files of Plants*, and order'd every Tree ;
Ev'n when they ſing at Eaſe, in full Content,
Inſulting o'er the Toils they underwent ;
Yet ſtill they find a future Task remain ;
To turn the Soil, and break the Clods again ;
And after all, their Joys are unſincere,
While falling Rains on rip'ning Grapes they fear.

Olives quite otherwiſe no Care demand,
Nor ſeek the Harrow, or the pruning Hand;
When *now* their Roots have ſeiz'd upon the Mold,
And firm againſt the Storm they keep their Hold:
The *Earth* Herſelf the Plants ſupplies with Juice,
If crooked Teeth once make her Surface looſe:
But Floods of *Oil* from ſwelling Berries flow,
If *Ploughs* unlock her richer Soil below;
Nouriſh with *Theſe* the *Olive's* kind Increaſe,
Fatteſt of Fruits, and Harbinger of *Peace*.
Thus too, on vigorous *Trunks* when *Apples* grow,
And feel the *foreign Strength* in ev'ry Bough;
With their *own Strength* they ſtrive to reach the Skies;
And little do they want of our Supplies.

Contra; non ulla eſt Oleis cultura; neque illæ
Procurvam expectant falcem raſtroſque tenaces,
Cum ſemel hæſerunt arvis, auraſque tulerunt.
Ipſa ſatis tellus, cum dente recluditur unco,
Sufficit humorem, & gravidas cum vomere fruges;
Hoc pinguem & placitam Paci nutritor olivam.
Poma quoque, ut primum truncos ſenſere valentis,
Et vires habuere ſuas, ad ſidera raptim
Vi propria nituntur, opiſque haud indiga noſtræ.

Quite oppoſite to theſe are Olives found,
No Dreſſing they require, and dread no Wound;
No Rakes nor Harrows need, but fix'd below,
Rejoice in open Air, and unconcern'dly grow.
The Soil itſelf due Nouriſhment ſupplies:
Plough but the Furrows, and the Fruits ariſe:
Content with ſmall Endeavours, 'till they ſpring.
Soft Peace they figure, and ſweet Plenty bring:
Then Olives plant, and Hymns to *Pallas* ſing.
Thus Apple-Trees, whoſe Trunks are ſtrong to bear
Their ſpreading Boughs, exert themſelves in Air;
Want no Supply, but ſtand ſecure alone,
Not truſting Foreign Forces, but their own:
'Till with the ruddy Freight the bending Branches groan.

Nor

Nor riſes all the num'rous *Foreſt-Race*,
Cloath'd with leſs Plenty, or inferior Grace:
There ev'ry *Shrub* bends down his loaded Head,
And *unprun'd Avi'rys* ſhine in Dazling Red.
The *Cytyſus*, with conſtant Verdure crown'd,
Oft feels the Hook, and ſhoots at ev'ry Wound.
The *Pine* gives Torches from his lofty Head,
And Winter-Hearths, with unctuous Fuel fed,
Pour out their Blaze, and ſparkling Glitter ſpread.
And does the Swain ſtill doubt, and ſtill forbear,
To *Plant*, and *Set*, and *Cultivate* with Care?
But can ſuch *mighty Things* ſuch Urging want?
The *Willow* and the *Furze*, an humble Plant!
To Husbandmen afford no trivial Aid;
That to the *Sheep* gives *Food*, to Shepherds Shade:
This covers with ſtrong Lines the wealthy Fields,
And early *Fother* to the *Bee-fold* yields.

Nec minus interea fœtu nemus omne graveſcit,
Sanguineiſque inculta rubent aviaria baccis.
Tondentur Cytiſi, tædas ſilva alta miniſtrat,
Paſcunturque ignes nocturni, & lumina fundunt.
Et dubitant homines ſerere, atque impendere curam?
Quid majora ſequar? ſalices humileſque geniſtæ,
Aut illæ pecori frondem, aut paſtoribus umbras
Sufficiunt: ſepemque ſatis, & pabula melli.

Thus Trees of Nature, and each common Buſh,
Uncultivated thrive, and with red Berries bluſh.
Vile Shrubs are ſhorn for Browze: The tow'ring Height
Of unctuous Trees are Torches for the Night.
And ſhall we doubt, (indulging eaſy Sloth,)
To ſow, to ſet, and to reform their Growth?
To leave the lofty Plants; the lowly Kind
Are for the Shepherd, or the Sheep deſign'd.
Ev'n humble Broom and Oſiers have their Uſe,
And Shade for Sheep, and Food for Flocks produce;
Hedges for Corn, and Honey for the Bees:
Beſides the pleaſing Proſpect of the Trees.

How

How pleaſing to the Sight *Cytorus* looks!
Flowing in gentle Waves of livid *Box*.
How ſoft! how ſolemn is *Naricia*'s Shade!
Where *Pitchy Groves* the gloomy Skies invade.
What lovely Scenes in deſert *Lawns* appear!
New, to the *Harrow*'s Toil, or *Peaſant*'s Care.
Even *naked Foreſts* on *Caucaſian* Rocks,
Worn with the raging *Eaſt*'s eternal Shocks,
Here ſhiver'd Limbs lie ſcatter'd all around,
And there huge Trunks extended on the Ground;
Yet *Theſe*, even *Theſe*, convenient Stores produce,
A various Timber for a various Uſe:
Tall *Pines* for *Veſſels*: For the *ſtately Room*
Cypreſs, and *Cedar*, with its ſtrong Perfume:
From *Hence* the Traveller his *Chariot* *eiels*,
From *Hence* the thrifty Peaſant *orbs his Wheels*,
And *Hence* the Sailor ſeeks his bending *Keels*.

Et juvat undantem buxo ſpectare Cytorum,
Naryciæque picis lucos: juvat arva videre,
Non raſtris, hominum non ulli obnoxia curæ.
Ipſæ Caucaſio *ſteriles in vertice ſylvæ,*
Quas animoſi Euri aſſidue franguntque, feruntque,
Dant alios aliæ fætus: dant utile lignum
Navigiis pinos, domibus cedrumque cupreſſoſque.
Hinc radios trivere rotis, hinc tympana plauſtris
Agricolæ, & pandas ratibus poſuere carinas.

How goodly looks *Cytorus* ever green
With Boxen Groves; with what Delight are ſeen
Narycian *Woods of Pitch, whoſe gloomy Shade*
Seems for Retreat of Heav'nly Muſes made!
But much more pleaſing are thoſe Fields to ſee,
That need not Ploughs, nor human Induſtry.
Ev'n cold Caucaſean *Rocks and Trees are ſpread;*
And wear green Foreſts on their hilly Head.
Tho' bending from the Blaſt of Eaſtern Storms,
Tho' ſhent their Leaves, and ſcatter'd are their Arms;
Yet Heav'n their various *Plants* for Uſe deſigns:
For Houſes Cedars, and for Shipping Pines.
Cypreſs provides for Spokes, and Wheels of Wains:
And all for Keels of Ships, that ſcour the wat'ry Plains.

The

The binding *Oſier* ſhoots a num'rous Brood:
And *Elms* for Cattle yield a Leafy Food:
For War the *Myrtle*, and the *Corneil* grows,
And *Parthians* bend the *Yew-tree* into *Bows*.
Nor will the ſmooth-grain'd *Lime*, or *Box* diſdain
The Rounding *Chiſſel*, or the Hollowing *Plane*:
Or feeble *Alders* dread th' impetuous Tide,
But lightly skim the *Po*, and on his Surges ride:
Nor will not *Bees* repair to mould'ring *Oaks*;
There raiſe their *Cells*, and hide their Darling-*Stocks*.
Gives *Bacchus* ought ſo *worthy of Applauſe*?
His *Gifts*, of fatal Ills the frequent Cauſe,
Turn'd into Wars the ſolemn *Marriage-Feaſts*,
And arm'd with mighty *Bowls* the Kindred Gueſts.

Viminibus ſalices fecundæ, frondibus ulmi:
At myrtus validis haſtilibus, & bona bello
Cornus: Ityræos *taxi torquentur in arcus.*
Nec tiliæ leves, aut torno raſile buxum,
Non formam accipiunt, ferroque cavantur acuto.
Necnon & torrentem undam levis innatat alnus,
Miſſa Pado: *necnon & apes examina condunt*
Corticibuſque cavis vitioſæque ilicis alveo.
Quid memorandum æque Baccheia *dona tulerunt?*
Bacchus *& ad culpam cauſas dedit. Ille furentis*
Centauros *letho domuit*, Rhætum*que*, Pholum*que*,
Et magno Hylæum Lapithis *cratere minantem.*

Willows in Twigs are fruitful, Elms in Leaves,
The War from ſtubborn Myrtle Shafts receives:
From Cornels Jav'lins; and the tougher Yew
Receives the bending Figure of a Bow.
Nor Box, nor Limes, without their Uſe are made,
Smooth-grain'd, and proper for the Turner's Trade:
Which curious Hands may carve, and Steel with Eaſe invade.
Light Alder ſtems the *Po*'s impetuous Tide,
And Bees in hollow Oaks their Honey hide.
Now ballance with theſe Gifts the fumy Joys
Of Wine, attended with eternal Noiſe.
Wine urg'd to lawleſs Luſt the Centaur's *Train,*
Thro' Wine they quarrel'd, and thro' Wine were ſlain.

O! happy Swains! did they their Bliſs but know!
To whom *the Earth*, releas'd from all the Woe
Of *Civil Broils*, gives with a lib'ral Hand
An eaſy Plenty, at their juſt Demand.
What if no *lofty Pile*, with haughty Tow'rs,
A waving Throng, thro' ev'ry Paſſage pours,
Of humble Waiters in the *Morning-Hours*?
What if no *Tortoiſe-Scales* incruſting Wood,
Nor *Corinth's Braſs* amaze the gaping Crowd?
If no *Brocaded Hangings* dreſs the Room?
Nor *Tyrian Purple* ſtain the Milk-white Loom?
Nor *Caſſia* taint pure Oil with ſtrong Perfume?

O fortunatos nimium, ſua ſi bona nôrint,
Agricolas! quibus ipſa, procul diſcordibus armis,
Fundit humo facilem victum juſtiſſima tellus.
Si non ingentem foribus domus alta ſuperbis
Mane ſalutantum totis vomit ædibus undam;
Nec varios inhiant pulchra teſtudine poſtes,
Inluſaſque auro veſtes, Ephyreia*que æra*;
Alba neque Apyrio *fucatur lana veneno,*
Nec caſia liquidi corrumpitur uſus Olivi:

O happy, if he knew his happy State!
The Swain, who, *free from Buſineſs and Debate*,
Receives his eaſy Food from Nature's Hand,
And juſt Returns from cultivated Land!
No Palace, with a lofty Gate, he wants,
T' admit the Tides of early Viſitants,
With eager Eyes devouring, as they paſs,
The breathing Figures of *Corinthian* Braſs.
No Statues threaten, from high Pedeſtals;
No *Perſian* Arras hides his homely Walls,
With Antick Veſts; which thro' their ſteady Fold,
Betray the Streaks of ill-diſſembled Gold.
He boaſts no Wool, whoſe native White is dy'd
With Purple Poiſon of *Aſſyrian* Pride,
No coſtly Drugs of *Araby* defile,
With foreign Scents, the Sweetneſs of his Oil.

Yet

Yet fraudleſs Innocence, and peaceful Reſt,
Unbounded *Plains*, with endleſs Riches bleſt,
Yet *Caves*, and living *Springs*, and airy *Glades*,
And the ſoft Lowe of *Kine*, and ſleepy *Shades*
Are *never wanting*: There *Wild Herds* abound,
And *Youth* inur'd to *Toil and Thrift* are found,
And *Aged Sires* rever'd, and *Altars* crown'd:
There *Juſtice* left, when She forſook Mankind,
The laſt Impreſſions of Her Steps behind.
But the bright *Muſes* are my only Care;
Smit with the Love of Verſe their *Wreaths* I bear;
May they to me the *Starry Tracks* make known;
The *Sun*'s Diſtreſs, and Labours of the *Moon*:
Whence the Earth *ſhakes*: By what Impulſe the *Main*
Swells tow'ring up: and on Her ſelf ſinks back again:

At ſecura quies, & neſcia fallere vita,
Dives opum variarum, at latis otia fundis,
Speluncæ, vivique lacus, at frigida Tempe,
Mugituſque boum, molleſque ſub arbore ſomni
Non abſunt. Illic ſaltus ac luſtra ferarum,
Et patiens operum, parvoque aſſueta juventus,
Sacra Deûm, ſanctique patres: extrema per illos
Juſtitia excedens terris veſtigia fecit.
Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Muſæ,
Quarum ſacra fero ingenti percuſſus amore,
Accipiant; cœlique vias, & ſidera monſtrent:
Defectus ſolis varios, lunæque labores:
Unde tremor terris: qua vi maria alta tumeſcant
Obicibus ruptis, rurſuſque in ſeipſa reſident:

But eaſy Quiet, a ſecure Retreat,
A harmleſs Life, that knows not how to cheat;
With home-bred Plenty the rich Owner bleſs,
And rural Pleaſures crown his Happineſs.
Unvex'd with Quarrels, undiſturb'd with Noiſe,
The Country King his peaceful Realm enjoys:
Cool Grots, and living Lakes, the Flow'ry Pride
Of Meads, and Streams that thro' the Valley glide;
And ſhady Groves that eaſy Sleep invite,
And after toilſome Days, a ſoft Repoſe at Night.
Wild Beaſts of Nature in his Woods abound;
And Youth, of Labour patient, plough the Ground,
Inur'd to Hardſhip, and to homely Fare.
Nor venerable Age is wanting there,
In great Examples to the youthful Train:
Nor are the Gods ador'd with Rights prophane.
From hence *Aſtrea* took her Flight, and here
The Prints of her departing Steps appear.
Ye Sacred Muſes, with whoſe Beauty fir'd,
My Soul is raviſh'd, and my Brain inſpir'd:
Whoſe Prieſt I am, whoſe holy Fillets wear;
Wou'd you your Poet's firſt Petition hear;
Give me the Ways of wand'ring Stars to know:
The Depths of Heaven above, and Earth below.
Teach me the various Labours of the Moon,
And whence proceed th' Eclipſes of the Sun.
Why flowing Tides prevail upon the Main,
And in what dark Receſs they ſhrink again.

Why *Winter Suns* haſte down with rapid Flight,
And what Delay retards the lingring Night.
But if my heavy *Genius* ſtrives in vain
To ſearch out *Nature*, and her *Heights* attain:
In *Fields* and wat'ry *Valleys* let me rove!
Rivers and *Woods* inglorious may I love!
O! where, *Taygeta*, are thy ſacred Shades,
Reſounding with the Songs of *Spartan* Maids?
O *Sperchius!* O ye fair *Theſſalian* Plains!
Ye *Vales*, ye *Cooling Groves*, where *Hæmus* reigns!
O by what Hand, to thoſe *bleſt Seats* convey'd,
Shall I protected ſtand with *all their Shade*?
Happy the Man! who vers'd in *Nature*'s Laws
Of her *Effects* can trace the wondrous *Cauſe*:
Who without Fear his certain *Fate* can meet,
And trample *Death* itſelf beneath his Feet.

Quid tantum Oceano properent ſe tingere ſoles
Hiberni, vel quæ tardis mora noctibus obſtet.
Sin, has ne poſſim naturæ excedere partes,
Frigidus obſtiterit circum præcordia ſanguis;
Rura mihi & riguis placeant in vallibus amnes;
Flumina amem ſylvaſque inglorius. O, ubi campi,
Sperchiuſque, *& virginibus bacchata* Lacænis
Taygeta: *ô qui me gelidis in vallibus* Hæmi
Siſtat, & ingenti ramorum protegat umbra!
Fælix, qui potuit rerum cognoſcere cauſas:
Atque metus omnes & inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, ſtrepitumque Acherontis *avari!*

What ſhakes the ſolid Earth, what Cauſe delays
The Summer Nights, and ſhortens Winter-Days.
But if my heavy Blood reſtrain the Flight
Of my free Soul, aſpiring to the Height
Of Nature, and unclouded Fields of Light:
My next Deſire is, void of Care and Strife,
To lead a ſoft, ſecure, inglorious Life.
A Country Cottage near a Cryſtal Flood,
A winding Valley and a lofty Wood.
Some God conduct me to the ſacred Shades,
Where Bacchanals are ſung by *Spartan* Maids.
Or lift me high to Hemus *hilly Crown;*
Or in the Plains of Tempe *lay me down:*
Or lead me to ſome ſolitary Place,
And cover my Retreat from human Race.
Happy the Man, who, ſtudying Nature's Laws,
Thro' known Effects can trace the ſecret Cauſe.
His Mind poſſeſſing, in a quiet State,
Fearleſs of Fortune, and reſign'd to Fate.

And happy He, who haunts the *Rural Gods*,
Pan, and *Sylvanus*, and the *Nymphs* Abodes;
No *Noiſe*, or *Pomp* diſturb his calm *Retreat*;
The *Trains* of Princes, or the *Rods* of State,
And Brothers tearing Brothers to be *Great*:
Nor *Treaſons*, nor *Invaſions* from afar,
The *Dacian* from the *Danube* threat'ning War,
Nor *Rome*'s Affairs, nor any *Kingdom's Doom*
Diſtract his Mind: Around his peaceful Home
Nor Pity, nor ev'n Envy can be found,
There none for *Want* repine, and none *abound*.
What *Fruit* the Trees, what *Grain* the Fields produce
Spontaneouſly, he gathers for his Uſe:
Nor knows the *Arts*, or *Hardſhips* of the Law;
Nor e'er the noiſy *Bar*'s Confuſion ſaw.

Fortunatus & ille, Deos *qui novit agreſtes*,
Panaque, Sylvanumque *ſenem*, Nymphaſque *ſorores*!
Illum non populi faſces, non purpura regum
Flexit, & infidos agitans diſcordia fratres;
Aut conjurato deſcendens Dacus *ab* Iſtro:
Non res Romanæ, *perituraque regna: neque ille*
Aut doluit miſerans inopem, aut invidit habenti.
Quos rami fructus, quos ipſa volentia rura
Sponte tulere ſua, carpſit: nec ferrea jura,
Inſanumque forum, aut populi tabularia vidit.

And happy too is he, who decks the Bow'rs
Of Sylvans, and adores the Rural Pow'rs:
Whoſe Mind, unmov'd, the Bribes of Courts can ſee;
Their glitt'ring Baits, and Purple Slavery.
Nor hopes the People's Praiſe, nor fears their Frown,
Nor, when contending Kindred tear the Crown,
Will ſet up one, or pull another down.
Without Concern he hears, but hears from far,
Of Tumults, and Deſcents, and diſtant War:
Nor with a Superſtitious Fear is aw'd,
For what befals at Home, or what Abroad.
Nor envies he the Rich their heapy Store,
Nor his own Peace diſturbs, with Pity for the Poor.
He feeds on Fruits, which, of their own Accord,
The willing Ground, and laden Trees afford.
From his lov'd Home no Lucre can him draw;
The Senate's mad Decrees he never ſaw;
Nor heard at bawling Bars corrupted Law.

Some

Some the deaf *Waves* in feeble *Veſſels* court;
Some fearleſs of the Sword to *Camps* reſort:
Others themſelves by artful, hidden Ways,
Thruſt into *Courts*, and *there* inſlave their Days:
He meerly for the *Plunder* ſacks a Town,
And ev'ry helpleſs Houſhold *God* melts down,
To *drink* in ſome prodigious *Gem*, and lie
On downy *Quilts*, twice ſtain'd with *Tyrian* Die:
He in the *Earth intombs* his Golden Ore,
And then ſits *brooding* on his hidden Store:
He in the *Roſtrum* lifts to Heaven his Eyes,
Amaz'd, confounded, ſpeechleſs with Surprize.
He plies the *Stage* for Fame, and trembling ſtands,
'Till the *whole Houſe* reſound with clapping Hands:
They in their *Kindred Blood* their Daggers ſtain,
Renounce their Country for their impious Gain,
And ſeek in diſtant Climes for Reſt, in vain.

Sollicitant alii remis freta cæca, ruuntque
In ferrum; penetrant aulas & limina regum:
Hic petit excidiis urbem, miſeroſque Penates,
Ut gemma bibat, & Sarrano dormiat oſtro,
Condit opes alius, deſoſſoque incubat auro.
Hic ſtupet attonitus roſtris: hunc plauſus hiantem
Per cuneos (geminatur enim) plebiſque patrumque
Corripuit: gaudent perfuſi ſanguine fratrum,
Exſilioque domos & dulcia limina mutant;
Atque alio patriam quærunt ſub ſole jacentem.

Some to the Seas, and ſome to Camps reſort,
And ſome with Impudence invade the Court.
In foreign Countries others ſeek Renown;
With Wars and Taxes others waſte their own,
And Houſes burn, and Houſhold-Gods deface,
To drink in Bowls, which glitt'ring Gems enchaſe:
To loll on Couches, rich with *Cytron* Steds,
And lay their *guilty* Limbs in *Tyrian* Beds.
This Wretch in Earth intombs his Golden Ore,
Hov'ring and brooding on his buried Store.
Some Patriot Fools to popular Praiſe aſpire,
Of Publick Speeches, *which worſe Fools admire.*
While from both Benches, with redoubled Sounds,
Th' Applauſe of Lords and Commoners abounds.
Some thro' Ambition, or thro' Thirſt of Gold,
Have ſlain their Brothers, or their Country ſold;
And leaving their ſweet Homes, in Exile run
To Lands that lie beneath another Sun.

The *Swain* with his bent *Plough* turns o'er the Soil;
Hence of the *Circling Year* the conſtant Toil:
Hence to His Country, to His Children *Hence*,
To Flocks and Herds He does their *Food* diſpenſe,
And to His *faithful Steers* a bounteous Maintenance:
Nor reſts the Year: But ſtill with *Fruit* abounds,
Or vaſt Increaſe of *Herds*; or *loads* the Grounds
With Piles unnumber'd of promiſcuous Grain,
Subdues the Barns, and *Triumphs* on the Plain.
A *Storm* deſcends: *Sicyonian* Berries feel
The nimble Poundings of the clattering Steel:
The falling *Acorns* ruſtle in the Wood,
And Swine run Homewards chearful with their Food:

Agricola incurvo terram dimovit aratro.
Hinc anni labor: hinc patriam parvoſque nepotes
Suſtinet, hinc armenta boum, meritoſque juvencos.
Nec requies, quin aut pomis exuberet annus,
Aut fætu pecorum, aut Cerealis *mergite culmi:*
Proventuque oneret ſulcos, atque horrea vincat.
Venit hyems; teritur Sicyonia *bacca trapetis,*
Glande ſues læti redeunt, dant arbuta ſylvæ:

The Peaſant, innocent of all theſe Ills,
With crooked Ploughs the fertile Fallows tills;
And the round Year with daily Labour fills.
And hence the Country Markets are ſupplied,
Enough remains for Houſhold Charge beſide;
His Wife, and tender Children to ſuſtain,
And gratefully to feed his dumb deſerving Train.
Nor ceaſe his Labours, 'till the yellow Field
A full Return of bearded Harveſt yield:
A Crop ſo plenteous, as the Land to load,
O'ercome the crowded Barns, and lodge on Reeks abroad:
Thus ev'ry ſev'ral Seaſon is employ'd:
Some ſpent in Toil, and ſome in Eaſe enjoy'd.
The yeaning Ewes prevent the ſpringing Year;
The laden Boughs their Fruits in Autumn bear:
'Tis then the Vine her liquid Harveſt yields,
Bak'd in the Sun-ſhine of aſcending Fields.

The

The *Copſe* her *Wildings* gives from ſhatter'd Bow'rs;
And teeming *Autumn* lays down all her Stores:
Whilſt high on Sunny *Rocks* the *Cluſt'red Vine*
Boils into Juice, and Reddens into Wine.
Thus hang the *ruddy Boys* around the *Spouſe*;
The vig'rous Offſpring of the virtuous Houſe:
With freſh-ſprung *Verdure* ev'ry Mead is crown'd,
The milky *Udder* trails upon the Ground,
And well-fed *Kids* in wanton Combats bound.
The *Swain* Himſelf the *ſolemn Feaſt* prepares,
And with His *Fellow-Swains* forgets his Cares.
Lolling at Eaſe on matted Graſs He lies,
Amid the Gueſts the *ſacred Flames* ariſe,
And ev'ry Hand a *Flow'ry Crown* ſupplies.

Et varios ponit fœtus Autumnus, & alte
Mitis in apricis coquitur vindemia ſaxis.
Interea dulces pendent circum oſcula nati:
Caſta pudicitiam ſervat domus: ubera vaccæ
Lactea demittunt; pingueſque in gramine læto
Inter ſe adverſis luctantur cornibus hædi.
Ipſe dies agitat feſtos; fuſuſque per herbam,
Ignis ubi in medio, & ſocii cratera coronant,

The Winter comes, and then the falling Maſt
For greedy Swine provides a full Repaſt.
The Olives, ground in Mills, their Fatneſs boaſt,
And Winter-Fruits are mellow'd by the Froſt.
His Cares are eas'd with Intervals of Bliſs;
His little Children climbing for a Kiſs,
Welcome their Father's late Return at Night;
His faithful Bed is crown'd with chaſte Delight.
His Kine with ſwelling Udders ready ſtand,
And, lowing for the Pail, invite the Milker's Hand.
His wanton Kids, with budding Horns prepar'd,
Fight harmleſs Battles in his homely Yard:
Himſelf in Ruſtick Pomp on Holy-days,
To Rural Pow'rs a juſt Oblation pays;
And on the Green his careleſs Limbs diſplays.
The Hearth is in the Midſt, the Herdſmen round
The chearful Fire, *provoke his Health in Goblets crown'd.*

On

On Thee, *Lynæus*, Parent of the *Vine*,
He calls aloud, and pours out ſparkling Wine;
He bids the *Hinds* bring forth the *Flying Dart*,
And *marks* a Tree, where each may ſhew his Art:
Or ſtrip his brawny Sides for rougher Sport,
And try his Strength in the rude *Tennis-Court*.
Such was the Life the antient *Sabines* led,
Such *Rhemus* and His *Brother*: *Thus* the Head
Of fam'd *Etruria* roſe: and *Thus* did *Rome*
The dazling Glory of the World become.

Te libans, Lenæe, *vocat*, *pecoriſque magiſtris*
Velocis jaculi certamine ponit in ulmo;
Corporaque agreſti nudat prædura paleſtra.
Hanc olim veteres vitam coluere Sabini;
Hanc Rhemus, *& frater*: *ſic fortis* Etruria *crevit*:
Scilicet & rerum facta eſt pulcherrima Roma,
[*Septemque una ſibi muro circumdedit arces.*]

He calls on *Bacchus*, and propounds the Prize:
The Groom his Fellow-Groom at Buts defies;
And bends his Bow, and levels with his Eyes.
Or ſtript, for Wreſtling, ſmears his Limbs with Oil,
And watches with a Trip his Foe to foil.
Such was the Life the frugal *Sabines* led,
So *Remus* and his Brother God were bred:
From whom th' *auſtere* Etrurian *Virtue* roſe,
And this rude Life our homely Fathers choſe.
Old *Rome* from ſuch a Race deriv'd her Birth,
(The Seat of Empire, and the conquer'd Earth;)
Which now on ſev'n high Hills triumphant reigns,
And in that Compaſs all the World contains.

E're the *Dictæan* King a Scepter ſway'd,
E're impious Man on Fleſh of Heifers prey'd,
This was the Life that *Saturn* choſe on Earth,
And Hence the *Golden Years* receiv'd their Birth:
Nor yet ſhrill *Trumpets* hollow Clangor made,
Nor *Anvils* rattled with the hard'ning Blade.
But We, with diſcontinu'd Courſe, have paſt,
A boundleſs Space, immeaſurably vaſt,
The foaming Steeds are hid in dusky Smoke,
And now 'tis time to eaſe them of the Yoke.

Ante etiam ſceptrum Dictæi *regis, & ante*
Impia quam cæſis gens eſt epulata juvencis,
Aureus hanc vitam in terris Saturnus *agebat.*
Necdum etiam audierant inflari claſſica, necdum
Impoſitos duris crepitare incudibus enſes.
Sed nos immenſum ſpatiis confecimus æquor:
Et jam tempus equûm fumantia ſolvere colla.

E're *Saturn*'s Rebel Son uſurp'd the Skies,
When Beaſts were only ſlain for Sacrifice:
While peaceful Crete *enjoy'd her antient Lord,*
E're ſounding Hammers forg'd th' inhuman Sword:
E're hollow Drums were beat, before the Breath
Of brazen Trumpets rung the Peals of Death;
The good old God his Hunger did aſſwage
With Roots and Herbs, and gave the Golden Age,
But *over-labour'd* with ſo long a Courſe,
'Tis Time to ſet at Eaſe the ſmoaking Horſe.

NOTES.

The Reader will obſerve, that P. *Page* refers to the new Tranſlation, L. *Line*, to Mr. *Dryden*'s.

P. 1. *But with thy Vines*, &c.]

This Introduction the Commentators have not ſufficiently taken into their Conſideration, and for want of thoroughly explaining it, 'tis not eaſy, for every Reader, to reconcile the Concluſion of this Book with the Beginning of it.

Virgil begins with theſe Words, *Nunc te Bacche canam*; but about the latter end of the Book, he prefers Olives, and Fruit, and Timber Trees, and even Shrubs, to the Vine itſelf, *p.* 41.

Quid memorandum æque Baccheia dona tulerunt?

This is not eaſily underſtood, without obſerving in how particular a manner the Poet, immediately after *Nunc te* Bacche *canam*, adds,

Nec non Silveſtria tecum Virgulta, &c.

The Reaſon of which I conceive to be this.

Virgil, in order to raiſe the Dignity of the Verſe, in this Place, above that of the Propoſition, in the firſt Georgic, as he there makes uſe of a Figure, by employing *Sydere* inſtead of *Tempore*, ſo here, he chuſes a nobler Figure, by the Apoſtrophe he makes to *Bacchus*; and in the third Book, he uſes the ſame Figure, for the ſame Purpoſe, three times in the two firſt Lines.

But this Expreſſion, *Nunc te* Bacche *canam*, having the Air of a *Bacchique* Piece, which was not by any Means the Poet's Intention, he immediately gives it another Turn, by declaring he will celebrate equally with *Bacchus*, that is, the Vine, every Twig of the Foreſt. This ſeems to be *Virgil*'s Meaning, and this made the Subject worthy of *Virgil*. He undertakes to diſcloſe all the Bounties of Nature in her Productions of Trees, and Plants, and Shrubs; and this he does from the *Vine* to the *Furze*. I have been the more explicite in this Note, becauſe no one has treated this Paſſage in this manner before, and becauſe it will ſerve for a Key to the whole Book.

And Olives riſing, &c.]

I muſt deſire the Reader to obſerve once for all, that *Virgil* uſes the Fruit for the Tree, and the Tree for the Fruit promiſcuouſly,

throughout the whole Georgic: And this may ſerve to juſtify the Tranſlator in doing ſo.

P. 2. *And Withy whit'ning in its azure Down.*]

This is one of *Virgil*'s inimitable Lines, which paint the Charms of Nature ſo exactly to the Life. The upper Sides of the Leaves of the Tree, which, he deſcribes, are of a light Green, the under Sides of a blewiſh Ground, powder'd with a kind of white Down, ſo that as they are toſſed about in the Wind, they reſemble a variegated Silk; ſometimes the white prevails, ſometimes the blewiſh Azure, as the Leaves are more or leſs raiſed up.

P. 3. *Hence Cheſnuts, hence the Beech.*]

'Tis much diſputed what Tree this is which *Virgil* calls *Æſculus*. I can't find but that all he ſays of it, here, or elſewhere, is very applicable to the Beech, and therefore I ſhall take the Liberty to call it by that Name, that I may be underſtood by an *Engliſh* Reader.

And hence the Oak, whoſe Rites the Græcians *love.*]

'Tis very well known how fond the *Romans* were of their Gods and religious Ceremonies, and what a Contempt they had for thoſe of other Nations. 'Tis in this manner *Virgil* uſes *habitæ Graiis oracula quercus.*

He ſmiles at the *Greeks*, as he calls them, for their Superſtition; but Mr. *Dryden* unhappily applies this Paſſage ſeriouſly, in theſe Words,

Where Jove *of old oraculouſly ſpoke.*

L. 27. *Theſe Ways of Planting Nature did ordain.*]

Mr. *Dryden* had ſaid a little before, l. 12. that *ſome Trees owed their Birth to Nature, becauſe they grew without Planting*; and here he ſays, *Nature ordained theſe Ways of Planting.* I could not but wonder how Mr. *Dryden* ſhould fall into ſo odd a Miſtake; but looking into Mr. *May*'s Tranſlation of the Georgic, I find he took this Line from him. This being the firſt Occaſion I have to mention this Gentleman, it may not be improper to inform the generality of Readers, that this Writer liv'd many Years ſince, and was a Rival to Sir *William Davenant* for the Bays, but unſucceſsful in his Pretenſion. He writ ſeveral Plays, and tranſlated *Lucan*, and *Virgil*'s Georgics.

This laſt, which is but a very moderate Performance, Mr. *Dryden* had always before his Eyes, and, through Haſte, I ſuppoſe, very frequently took two, or three Lines, even ſometimes, five, or ſix, almoſt together, out of this obſcure Author. There are in this Georgic,

Georgic, I believe, almoſt a hundred of Mr. *May*'s Lines, very little altered, and in all the four Georgics, I believe there may be found more than as many hundred, if any Body has Leiſure enough to make ſuch a Search.

P. 4. *Whether you ſplit, or ſharpen out the Foot.*]

Quadrifidaſque ſudes: & acuto robore vallos.

This Line has very much puzzled the Commentators, but there is no great Difficulty in it, to any one that is the leaſt vers'd in Husbandry, and conſequently knows that there are two Ways of planting Setters. The *Quadrifidas ſudes* is when the Bottom is ſlit a-croſs both Ways; the *acuto robore* is when it is cut into a Point, which is called the *Colt's Foot*.

But other Trees expect their Race ſhould riſe, &c.]

There is a wonderful Beauty in this Paſſage. Here *Virgil*, to diſtinguiſh the Vine, gives it Life, and the moſt tender Paſſions.— The Fact is, that the beſt Way of raiſing Vines is by laying Branches from the Tree into the Ground. This the Poet deſcribes as a tender Fondneſs for their Off-ſpring, and repreſents them as pleaſed with having them under their Eyes, and willingly parting with their own Subſtance for their Nouriſhment.

P. 6. *And now aſſiſt me*, &c.]

There are few Paſſages in the Georgics, upon which the Commentators have employed more Labour than this. The Difficulty that perplexed 'em, aroſe from *Pelago da vela patenti*, and *Primi lege littoris oram*, which plainly contradict each other; but by altering one Letter, *Primo* adverbially, inſtead of *Primi* which *Virgil* has often uſed, the Difficulty is removed, and ſo light an Alteration may be very readily allowed of by thoſe who are acquainted with the Uncertainty of Copies of all Authors ſo ancient as *Virgil*.

But here my Verſes, &c.]

Ruæus and Mr. *Dryden* underſtand *non hic te carmine ficto* relatively to the whole Work in general; but it is plain, *Virgil* confines it to his Invocation, *non hic, not in this Place*. The Concluſion ſeems to carry with it ſome kind of Reflection upon the common tedious Forms of Invocation, which, it is probable, *Mæcenas* had been often tired with.

P. 8. *Yet theſe require*, &c.]

Scilicet omnibus eſt labor impendendus,

Scilicet is tranſlated here *yet* (*attamen*) which ſeems to be the only Way of connecting this Paſſage with what goes before, and what follows. That *Virgil* uſes this Adverb in ſuch a Sence, appears from this Line in the third Georgic,

Scilicet ante omnes furor eſt inſignis equarum.

Where all the Commentators take *Scilicet* in the Sence that 'tis uſed in here.

L. 91. *But nobler Vines by Propagation thrive.*]
All Trees thrive by Propagation, but the manner of their Propagation is different. If the Reader would know how Mr. *Dryden* came by this looſe Expreſſion, he may find in Mr. *May* this Line.

And Vines the beſt by Propagation thrive.

And in the ſame Place, the former Line,

By the ſame Methods Paphian Myrtles live.

L. 94. *Palm, Poplar, Firr deſcending from the Steep*
Of Hills, to try the Danger of the Deep.]

Nothing can be finer than this Paſſage is in the Original; nothing leſs like the Original than this Tranſlation.

P. 9. *But Filberts graft*, &c.]
In the ſix following Lines, the Metre of the Latin is endeavoured after. Perhaps the firſt and the laſt are a tolerable Imitation of the Latin in our Language.

L. 130. *The Thaſian Vines in* richer *Soils abound,*
The Mareotic *grow in* barren *Ground.*]

Sunt Thaſiæ vites, ſunt & Mareotides *albæ,*
Pinguibus hæ terris habiles, levioribus illæ.

I ſhall have Occaſion to obſerve, oftner than once, that the Commentators have fallen into many Miſtakes, only for want of attending to the Grammatical Conſtruction of their Author. That *Hæ* relates always to the Laſt Antecedent, and *Illæ* to the Prior, no Body will diſpute; but *Pontanus* having made this Miſtake, *Ruæus* follows him, and Mr. *Dryden*, *Ruæus*; and in this Paſſage he ſhews an implicite Submiſſion to the Reverend Father; for

for theſe two Lines are Mr. *May's*, only he has altered them to *Ruæus's* Interpretation, as the Reader will perceive by Mr. *May's* Verſes.

The *Thaſian* Vines in *barren* Soils abound,
The *Mareotic* thrive in *richer* Ground.

L. 162. *All ſorts of Trees their ſeveral Countries know,*
Black Ebon only will in India *grow.*]

Theſe two Lines have nothing of the Spirit of *Virgil* in them, but Mr. *May* perhaps is to be blamed on this Account.

———All Trees their proper Countries know,
In *India* only will black Ebon grow.

P. 14. *Or all* Panchaia's *Plains manur'd with ſpicy Stores.*]
There is a ſurprizing Majeſty in theſe Lines which begin the Praiſes of *Italy*, from

Sed neque Medorum *Sylvæ,*

to

Hæc loca.

The Interpretation of the laſt of theſe Lines differs from the Commentators, but I think it is *Virgil's* Sence. He always riſes in his Deſcriptions. After he has mentioned Groves of Citrons, and Golden Sands, *Perſia* and *India*, what can be greater than to mention a Country dung'd with Spices, and what more proper to bring the Digreſſion home to his Subject, and to connect it with what follows? But this Paſſage deſerves to be examined more nearly. It is plain, the Sence of it turns upon this Word *Pinguis*. Now there are too many Places in the Georgics to be enumerated, where *Pinguis terra*, *Pinguis humus*, or *Pingue ſolum*, ſignifies Lands well manured; but where it once implies *Dives* by its Produce, as *Ruæus* and his Followers underſtand it, I have not been able to diſcover.

P. 15. *Here everlaſting Spring adorns the Field,*
And foreign Harveſts *conſtant Summer yield.*]

Hic ver aſſiduum atque alienis menſibus æſtas.

Thus this Line ſtands in the Original, and I do not wonder if none of the Interpreters have been able to make Sence of it: But if we alter *menſibus* to *meſſibus*, it ſeems very intelligible.

Virgil had already enumerated in the Praiſes of his Country, their Corn, their Wine, their Olives, and their Cattle, and what could be more properly mentioned after them, than their *foreign Graſſes?* He very poetically calls their Verdure, *perpetual Spring*, and their frequent Harveſts, *continued Summer*.

The *Medica*, which he takes ſuch particular Notice of in the firſt Georgic, is cut ſeven or eight Times a Year in *Italy*.

There is a Paſſage in *Claudian* which may give ſome Light to this in *Virgil*.

Quod gelidi rubeant alieno gramine menſes.

What *Claudian* calls *alieno gramine*, *Virgil* expreſſes by *alieno meſſe*. What the former deſcribes by *menſes qui rubent*, the latter paints in a finer manner by *Æſtas*. That this Paſſage relates to the *foreign Graſſes*, can hardly be diſputed, for another Reaſon, becauſe otherwiſe *Virgil* would have left them out of his Praiſes of *Italy*, which would have been no inconſiderable Omiſſion. Mr. *Dryden* tranſlates this Place thus,

Perpetual Spring our happy Climate ſees,
Twice breed the Cattle and twice bear the Trees.

Here he ſeems to have altered Mr. *May*'s Verſes to no great Advantage.

Beſides this Land a Spring perpetual ſees,
Twice breeding Cattle and twice bearing Trees.

Though I muſt obſerve, with relation to both theſe Paſſages, that *Virgil* never makes the Land or the Climate *See*, whatever theſe Gentlemen are pleaſed to do.

L. 215. *Our Forts on ſteepy Hills, that far below,*
See wanton Streams in winding Valleys flow.]

Here Mr. *Dryden* makes Stone Walls *See*, and 'tis very unaccountable that he ſhould paſs by ſo many beautiful Metaphors, by which *Virgil* gives Life, Sence, Hope, Fear, Love, Hatred, Oblivion, Ambition, Avarice, and, in ſhort, all ſorts of Paſſions, to Trees and Plants, and to the very Soil; I ſay, 'tis ſtrange Mr. *Dryden* ſhould paſs by all theſe Delicacies of the Poet, and, in their Place, aſcribe *Sight* to Stones and Trees, and the like.

P. 16. *This Land her ſelf*, &c.]

It ſeems, at firſt Sight, to be an indifferent Compliment which *Virgil* makes here to *Italy*. He ſays, they formerly uſed to dig Gold and Silver out of her Mines. But if we conſider what immediately follows, which we muſt often do, to find out the Poet's Sence, for the Sence frequently makes the Connection without connecting Particles; I ſay, if we conſider what immediately follows, the Poet's Compliment ſeems to be this. *Italy* abounds with Mines of Gold and Silver; (for I take *Oſtendit* to be uſed in the preſent Tenſe) and formerly the Inhabitants employed themſelves in working of thoſe Mines. But now, ſays he, and for many Ages ſince, the People are become warlike, and ſeek other Employments, and contemn Riches for Empire and Glory; which is a very delicate Compliment in the Poet, to the *Romans*. Beſides, he wipes off the Reproach which had been often objected to them, *viz.* that they overran other Countries only for the Sake of their Treaſure.

P. 17. *Do'ſt far avert their Luxury from* Rome.]

Imbellem *avertis* Romanis *arcibus* Indum.

Imbellem cauſes the whole Difficulty of this Paſſage. The learned *Ruæus*, and *Catrou*, run into a great deal of Hiſtorical Conjecture about this Paſſage; but as to that which is the main Point, they never at all touch upon it.

Their Interpretation, with which Mr. *Dryden*'s agrees, makes this Paſſage a Banter upon *Auguſtus*; for what is it elſe, to ſay, that he, at the Head of a vaſt Army, kept an effeminate Enemy from the *Roman* Country? *Virgil*'s meaning, I ſuppoſe, may be this.

Auguſtus was not a fiery Soldier, that choſe Fighting for Fighting's Sake. Though he was brave upon Occaſion, yet he never car'd to hazard himſelf but where it was abſolutely neceſſary. The Character he affected moſt, was that of Love and Concern for his Country. This is the *Pater* Æneas, and the *Pater* Romanus, ſo often mention'd in the Æneid; and this is what *Virgil* points at: He repreſents *Auguſtus* under Apprehenſions, leſt the Spoils of the *Indians* ſhould render his Army effeminate, like the *Indians* themſelves; and therefore he deſcribes Him leaving the Delicacies of the *Roman* Court, and expoſing Himſelf to the Fatigues of a Campaign, in the farthermoſt Parts of *Aſia*, to command Peace by his Preſence. Thus he averted the effeminate *Indian* from *Rome*. Which Sence of this Paſſage appears ſtill plainer, when we obſerve, that by a Figure very common to *Virgil*, *effeminate Indian* is the ſame Thing as *Indian Effeminacy*.

L. 247. *The Nature of their ſev'ral Soils now, ſee,*
Their Strength, their Colour, their Fertility.]

Nunc locus arvorum ingeniis.

Mr. *Dryden* cannot be ſaid to have tranſlated *arvorum ingeniis* tolerably, by the *Nature of their Soils*; but indeed theſe two Lines are Mr. *May's*.

Now all Soils ſeveral Natures let us ſee,
Their Strength, their Colour, and Fertility.

Mr. *Dryden's* two next Lines are almoſt *verbatim* from Mr. *May*.

P. 18. *Firſt ſtubborn Land, or a malignant Hill.*]

Difficiles primum terræ, colleſque maligni.

It is impoſſible not to perceive the exquiſite Delicacy of the Precepts in this Place, and that they relate to ſomething elſe beſides the Soil. Rough untractable Grounds muſt be humoured in their own Way, or elſe they will be good for nothing. But thoſe of a better Temper will anſwer nobler Purpoſes.

L. 256. *But where the Soil, with fat'ning Moiſture fill'd,*
Is cloath'd with Graſs, and fruitful to be till'd.]

Mr. *Dryden* tranſlates *fertilis ubere, fruitful to be till'd*, which is very wide from the Author's Meaning, but Mr. *May* is Principal in this Miſtake.

But Ground more fertile with rich Moiſture fill'd,
Well cloath'd with Graſs, and fruitful to be till'd.

L. 272. *Then ſeek* Tarentum's *Lawns and fartheſt Coaſt,*
Or ſuch a Field as hapleſs Mantua *loſt.*]

The firſt Line is not a proper Tranſlation of

Saltus & ſaturi petito longinqua Tarenti.

But theſe Verſes likewiſe Mr. *Dryden* has taken almoſt *verbatim* from Mr. *May*, and, one would think, without ſo much as looking upon the Latin.

Then ſeek Tarentum's *Lawns, and fartheſt Coaſt,*
Such Fields as hapleſs Mantua *has loſt.*

This

This laſt Line of Mr. *May*'s has ſomething very fine in it. I wiſh the Author intended it. The Metre is extremely grave and ſolemn, as it is remarkably ſo in the Original. There the Verſe *complains*, and every Word ſeems to *ſigh*.

Aut qualem infelix amiſit Mantua *campum.*

P. 20. *Lands to the Eye*, &c.]

This is another of thoſe Paſſages which all the Commentators have miſunderſtood, more or leſs, for want of ſome Knowledge of Country Affairs. *Ruæus*, according to his uſual Cuſtom, only abſtracts *Pontanus*. *Virgil* ſpeaks here of three ſorts of Soil, two of which are fit for Corn, the other not. The firſt he deſcribes thus; a looſe Soil which looks dark, and fat, when turned up with the Plough. *Nigra fere*, &c. The ſecond is Foreſt, or Coppice Ground. *Aut unde iratus Sylvam*, &c. The third he deſcribes in a very poetical manner, by the different Effect the Plough has upon it. *At rudis enituit*, &c.

The looſe rich Ground, firſt mentioned, looks dark, and fat, even below the piercing of the Share, but the hard rubbly Field, quite contrary, is all white and ſhining, *impulſo vomere*, becauſe the Plough muſt be drove into it; ſuch Ground not being to be plough'd but by putting Weight upon the Head of the Beam.

L. 283. *The like of Foreſt Land is underſtood.*]

This Line puts me in Mind of M. *Boileau*'s Expreſſion relating to a *French* Verſe, which he ſays, was colder than all the Ice of *Norway*. The two following Lines, which Mr. *Dryden* has joined with it, are almoſt entirely from Mr. *May*.

L. 291. *Then Birds forſake the Ruins of their Seat,*
And, flying from their Neſts, their callow Young forget.]

Antiquaſque domos avium cum ſtirpibus imis
Eruit: illæ altum nidis petiere relictis.

I underſtand this Place in a manner different from *Ruæus*, and others, who interpret *ſtirpibus imis*, the Roots of the Trees. Theſe Words are connected to *domos avium*, and conſequently, according to *Virgil*'s clear Way of Writing, muſt relate to the Birds; beſides, if they related to the Roots of the Trees, it would be an uſeleſs Tautology; for, that the Roots were grubbed up, is ſaid before, *nemora evertit*. And again, *cum ſtirpibus imis* is the beſt Expreſſion poſſible to deſcribe where the Birds young ones were lodged; for it is well known, that by getting down into the Bottom of decayed Trees, ſeveral ſorts of Birds preſerve their Brood.

I tranſlate *Altum*, the Top of the Tree, and not the *Air*, becauſe in Fact, when hollow old Trees are felled, in which Birds have young ones, they always keep hovering about the Top, and making a lamentable Noiſe for ſeveral Days together.

P. 21. *But where the Plough is urg'd*, &c.]

I have already accounted for this Tranſlation, but I may obſerve farther, that *rudis campus* ſignifies *rubble Ground*, beyond all Diſpute, becauſe *Virgil* immediately mentions every ſort of *rubble Ground* that we know of, to wit, *coarſe Gravel*, *Stone Braſh*, or *ſtony Ground*, and *hollow Chalk*.

P. 22. *That Soil is Light, and will be to the Vine*
A loaded Udder, and to bleating Kine.]

Si deerunt; rarum, Pecorique & Vitibus almis
Aptius Uber *erit.*

A *Bunch* of *Grapes*, and a *Cow's Udder*, are two of the fineſt Emblems of Fertility. *Virgil* often compares them together. The *Græcians* named one ſort of Grapes from the Udder, as we find in the beginning of this Book. ——*Tumidis* Bumaſte *racemis*, p. 11.

Bumaſte is derived from two Greek Words, Βοῦς μάζος, which ſignifie a *Cow's Udder*.

Virgil ſays, p. 18. *Fertilis* Ubere *campus*. Here he uſes a bolder Figure, where he ſays, *Aptius* Uber *erit*. And p. 25. he employs the ſame Figure as before.

In denſo non ſegnior Ubere Bacchus.

But ſhould the Mould ſwell up, &c.]

This Paſſage cannot be too much admired. The Subject is only about filling a Pit with the Earth that came out of it: If the Ground is rich and heavy, it will over fill it; but with what a Loftineſs of Expreſſion is this deſcrib'd!

The Earth ſhews all the Haughtineſs that ever accompanied immenſe Wealth.

—— *In ſua poſſe negabunt*
Ire loca, & ſcrobibus ſuperabit terra repletis.

There is an Emphaſis in every Word; and what follows maintains the Character to the greateſt Height imaginable.

——*Glebas*

——— *Glebas cunctantes, craſſaque terga*
Exſpecta, & validis terram proſcinde juvencis.

L. 343. *The heavier Earth is by her Weight betray'd.*]
I muſt confeſs, I can hardly think this Line intelligible, but Mr. *Dryden* took it from Mr. *May*, as he did the next but one.

The Colour of the Soil, and *Black from White.*

And the two next.

Yet this the Plants that proſper there will ſhew,
Black Ivy, Pitch Trees, and the baleful Yew.

And again, theſe two at the Bottom of the ſame Page.

And hoary Froſts, after the painful Toil
Of delving Hinds, will rot the mellow Soil.

But to follow Mr. *Dryden*, after this manner, through Mr. *May's* Tranſlation, would be a very tedious Employment, and therefore I ſhall beg leave to refer the Reader to the Book itſelf.

P. 25. *To ſwell their crowded Dugs*, &c.]
I have explained this Paſſage in the Notes upon p. 22.

P. 26. *As when two mighty Armies*, &c.]
This is the only Simile in all this Georgic, the Reaſon of which ſeems to be, that Metaphors and ſhort Deſcriptions, which are ſo frequent in every Part of this Georgic, are of the ſame Nature and Uſe in Poetry, as Similes. As for this Simile itſelf, nothing could be more ſublime, than to compare a Vineyard to two Armies drawn up in order of Battle againſt each other. Mr. *Dryden* palls the Compariſon, by running into a Metaphor of the ſame Nature, before he comes at it. In the Concluſion, he quite miſtakes *Virgil's* Sence, by tranſlating, *Dubius mediis* Mars *errat in armis*,

And equal *Mars*, like an impartial Lord,
Leaves all to Fortune and the dint of Sword.

Whereas, *Virgil* ſays, the Armies are drawn up with ſuch great Exactneſs, and appear, both of them, ſo well appointed, that *Mars* himſelf cannot judge which is like to have the Advantage of the Day.

P. 27. *The Beech ſtands firſt*, &c.]
This is a very fine Deſcription of the Beech. Towards the Concluſion of it, *Virgil* points out a very delicate Moral on the Inſignificance and Shortneſs of Man's Life.

P. 28. *Plant not thy Vineyard*, &c.]

It is worth obſerving, that the Poet has brought together more Precepts here, than in any one part of all the Georgics; but it is likewiſe remarkable, that he has placed them very artfully, betwixt that fine Paſſage juſt mentioned, and another equally beautiful.

For oft a Spark, &c.]

Here we have a ſingle Spark of Fire followed, till it ends in a general Conflagration; and throughout all the Verſes, the Fire of the Poet's Fancy, and the Strength of his Lines, increaſe in Proportion as the natural Fire which he repreſents, would do.

P. 31. *So dawn'd the Days*, &c.]

This ſeems to be the Sence of *illuxiſſe dies*, which being joined with *habuiſſe tenorem*, makes this Paſſage very intelligible. Every Day of the whole Year was like a Day in the Spring. This *Virgil* farther explains by *Ver illud erat*, & *Ver magnus agebat orbis*.

P. 34. *In parching Summer*, &c.]

Cui ſuper indignas hyemes, ſolemque potentem, &c.

I underſtand *ſuper* in this Place, as it is ſaid, *ſuper canam*, or elſe it ſeems to me that there would be a diſagreeable Repetition of the ſame Things in the following Lines.

Frigora nec tantum, &c.

P. 35. *They ride on Swings*, &c.]

The different Opinions of the Commentators are innumerable on this Place. The Sence in which it is taken here, ſeems to be ſupported by the general Notion, which the Frequenters of the Bacchanalian Ceremonies always had, namely, that they were purged by being thus toſſed in the Wind, of which the Fan was an Emblem. *Myſtica Vannus Jacchi.* There is a very ancient Medal extant, which, I think, *Montfaucon* has taken Notice of, that repreſents this Ceremony of ſwinging betwixt two Trees at a Bacchanalian Feſtival.

Let Cakes in Chargers, and a hallowed Goat,
Dragg'd by the Horns, be to his Altars brought.]

I am obliged to Mr. *Dryden* for theſe two Lines, except that I differ from him in the Epithet of *Guilty*, which he has given to the Goat. And I likewiſe own my ſelf indebted to him for near as much in the Deſcription of the Lemon-Tree, *p.* 13.

P. 37.

P. 37. *Nor muſt you not the binding Furze prepare.*]

——Necnon etiam aſpera ruſci
Vimina.——

The Latin may admit of another Sence, and then the Line ſhould be thus,

Nor muſt you not the Bramble's Twine prepare.

The Reader will judge which is beſt.

Now joyful Songs the finiſh'd Labours crown.]

I muſt confeſs, I do not underſtand, after much Inquiry, what *Virgil* means by *extremos antes*. I believe he alludes to ſome Song, of which no Notice is come down to us. I have tranſlated it generally, without hinting at more Knowledge than I am Maſter of.

P. 38. *Olives quite otherwiſe*, &c.]

We are now come to a new Scene. Hitherto *Virgil* has expatiated on the Vine; but now he enters on a very different Subject. He has ſhewn what endleſs Labour the Vine requires, and the Uncertainty of the Product at laſt. Now, ſays he, quite contrary to the Vine, the Olive requires no Labour at all, after it is once well ſettled in the Ground. All you need do, is to plow the Soil about them, and you may be ſure of a Crop of Olives.

After Olives, he goes on to Fruit Trees; and all the Trouble that belongs to them is nothing but Ingrafting. Then he proceeds to the wild Foreſt Fruits, which require no manner of Labour; afterwards to the Cytiſus, Willows, Furze, Box, and other Plants; and laſtly, he declares the Uſefulneſs of old decayed Trees.

Thus he makes this Work of univerſal Concern. All Lands will not bear Vines, or Corn, or Olives; but every Land will bear ſomething or other, and by pointing out the Produce of the ſeveral Kinds of Soil, he applies himſelf to all ſorts of Country People.

Nouriſh with theſe the Olive's kind increaſe.]

This is one of the moſt remarkable Paſſages in the Georgic, where the Commentators have miſcarried, meerly for want of attending to the Grammatical Conſtruction.

Hoc *pinguem & placitam Paci nutritor Olivam.*

There

There is no School Boy, if he was to conſtrue this Verſe, but would look back to the laſt Word but one, and find *Vomere* to join with *Hoc*. But it happens in this Caſe, as in many others, that if once a Perſon of great Name makes a Miſtake, others follow him, and ſo the Error becomes at laſt univerſal.

P. 39. *This covers with ſtrong Lines*, &c.]

I have taken the Liberty to paraphraſe a little upon *Geniſtæ ſeptemque ſatis & pabula Melli ſufficiunt*, becauſe I have ſeen ſo much of the Uſe of that Plant in both theſe Reſpects.

P. 40. *New to the Harrrow's Toil, or Peaſant's Care.*]

'Tis very odd there ſhould not be one Edition of *Virgil*, in which this Line is right pointed; the Comma is always put after *hominum*. There is a very curious *Variantes Lectiones* of *Virgil*, in my Lord *Sunderland*'s Library, in which this Line has no Comma at all. This ſhews the Doubt that Copyiſt had; but the Sence clears up the Difficulty. *Curæ* cannot be ſeparated from *Hominum*, and *Raſtris* muſt relate to the Labour of Cattle. *Iniquo pondere raſtri*. Georgic. 1.

P. 41. *Gives* Bacchus *ought ſo worthy of Applauſe?*

We are now come to the Application. The Poet had before obſerved, that the Vine required infinite Trouble, and, for that Reaſon, he prefers Olive, and Fruit, and Foreſt Trees to it; though his true Reaſon was, to make People in love with what they had. But now he inſinuates a farther and more convincing Argument in favour of the latter, which is, that the Produce of theſe Things is never pernicious to Mankind. But this cannot be ſaid of the Vine; for the Vine, he tells us, occaſioned the firſt Quarrel that was known amongſt Friends and Brethren.

His Gifts, of fatal Ills the frequent Cauſe.]

> Bacchus *& ad culpam cauſas dedit. Ille furentes*
> *Centauros letho domuit.*———

This Paſſage is generally explained by joining *letho* with *domuit*. But it ſeems to me that it ſhould be joined with *furentes*, as it is ſaid, *furens irâ, invidiâ, amore*, &c. and as *Virgil* himſelf ſays in the ſecond Æneid.

> ———*Vidi ipſe furentem*
> *Cæde Neoptolemum*———

And then the Meaning is, *domuit*, he *overcame*, in the common Sence as *Wine* is ſaid to overcome any one, and made them *mad*

to Death. In the other Sence, *Virgil* would contradict what he ſaid before. Bacchus *& ad culpam cauſas dedit.* How would *Bacchus* have been to blame, for having puniſhed with Death profligate Wretches that would have raviſhed the Bride from her Huſband? This was a juſt and not a blameable Action, but the Blame was his overcoming their Reaſon, and exciting them to that Outrage.

P. 42. *O happy Swains*, &c.]

The following Piece is juſtly eſteemed one of the fineſt of all Antiquity. The delicate manner in which the Poet introduces it, is this.

In ſpeaking of the Vine, as we have juſt now obſerved, he mentions the Quarrel between the *Centaurs* and the *Lapithæ*, who were Neighbours and Relations.

At the Time that the Georgic was writ, the Miſeries of the Civil Wars were ſo freſh in the Memory of the *Romans*, that they could not but be ſenſible what *Virgil* pointed at, upon the leaſt mention of Broils amongſt People of the ſame Country, and Kindred. From thence he takes Occaſion to repreſent, how happy they were in being delivered from thoſe Calamities. And to come home to his Subject, he tells them, that now the Earth was at Liberty to be faithful to their Labours; the Scene being extreamly altered from that which was ſhewn at the Concluſion of the firſt Georgic, in theſe incomparable Lines,

———*Non ullus Aratro*
Dignus Honos, ſqualent abductis arva Colonis, &c.

But it is worth while to conſider this Piece, which ends this Georgic, Paragraph by Paragraph.

I. *O fortunatos nimium*, &c.

Sua ſi bona norint, is a tender Reproach for their Inſenſibility of being delivered *a diſcordibus armis*, and reſtored to the quiet Enjoyment of their Poſſeſſions. The Poet likewiſe inſinuates the Advantage which would accrue to them from the long Diſcontinuance of Husbandry. This is what he means by *juſtiſſima tellus Fundit humo facilem victum.* The Earth, after having lain ſtill ſo long, will pour out vaſt Crops; which is true in Nature.

II. *Si non immenſam foribus*, &c.

Here the Poet begins to enter upon Argument. In the firſt Place, he addreſſes himſelf to People of the greateſt Conſideration, who being dazzled by the Splendor of the Court, neglected the Happineſs of the Country. On this Occaſion, he paints the uſe-

leſs Pomp of the former, and the real Bleſſings of the latter, in the ſtrongeſt Colours that ever came from any Pencil. Nor is there ſuch a Contraſt to be found in any other Writer, as this betwixt the Line abovementioned, and *me vero primum*, &c. before which Verſe there ought not to be made any full Stop.

III. *Me vero primum dulces*, &c.

What connects this Paſſage with the former, which no one of the Commentators has endeavoured to ſhew, is plainly the Poet's Deſign to obviate very properly an Objection *ad hominem*. It could be juſtly obſerved, that though he wrote admirably well in praiſe of the Country, preferably to the Court-Life, yet his Practice ran counter to his Precepts, whilſt he ſpent all his Time in *Rome*. To this *Virgil* replies, that he was carried beyond himſelf by the Love which he had to natural Philoſophy, and That made him paſs ſo much Time in the City amongſt the Philoſophers; which, conſidering whoſe Company he frequented, was not an artleſs Compliment to *Auguſtus* and *Mæcenas*.

IV. *Sin has ne poſſim naturæ accedere*, &c.

The Poet queſtions, with great Modeſty, whether he may have Capacity enough for ſo high a Study. If he ſhould not; the Country, he ſays, was what charmed him above all Things. Then he falls into a Rapture in praiſe of the Country, and forgets himſelf, (*ſeemingly*) and wiſhes he were there inſtantly.

V. *Felix qui potuit*, &c.

Here he recovers himſelf from his Digreſſion, and makes a ſolid Reflection upon the Happineſs of arriving at that Height of Learning, which, he ſays, a little before, was his only Study.

VI. *Fortunatus & ille*, &c.

Next to that Happineſs he places the Satisfaction of a retired Life, which he deſcribes in a very fine manner. Hitherto he ſpeaks with relation to Men of Figure, and at Eaſe.

VII. *Sollicitant alii remis*, &c.

Now he comes to the Men of Buſineſs, and enumerates a great Variety of Employments in the Town Life.

VIII. *Agricola*

VIII. *Agricola incurvo terram*, &c.

Here he deſcribes the Employment of the Countryman, and makes this as uſeful, as the former pernicious, to Mankind.

IX. *Hanc* Rhemus *&* Frater, *&c.*

The Poet obſerves, that this was the Life which the Founders of *Rome* were trained up in.

X. *Aureus hanc vitam*, &c.

This was the Life of *Saturn* in the Golden Age, before the Trumpet was blown, and before Hammers forg'd the *Sword*. Upon naming the *Sword*, the Poet ſeems to ſtart, as if all the Miſeries of the Civil War were brought afreſh to his Sight, and inſtantly concludes, *Sed nos immenſum*, &c.

L. 694. *Or lift me high to* Hæmus *hilly Crown,*
Or in the Plains of Tempe *lay me down.*]

——O *qui me gelidis in vallibus* Hæmi
Siſtat!

I do not ſuppoſe it is poſſible to make a more ridiculous Tranſlation than theſe two Lines of Mr. *Dryden*'s. The cool Valleys of *Hæmus*, he calls, *High* Hæmus *hilly Crown.*

Or in the Plains of Tempe *lay me down.*

This is certainly very much below Criticiſm, and what follows in the next Page, is hardly worth attending to.

From his lov'd Home no Lucre *can* him draw,
The *Senate's mad Decrees* he never ſaw,
Nor heard at *bawling Bars* corrupted Law.

The laſt Line has been taken Notice of in the Preface, but the former was omitted. One would wonder what could make Mr. *Dryden* put ſuch an Expreſſion into *Virgil*'s Mouth, *viz. the Senate's mad Decrees*, juſt at the Time that they had decreed *Auguſtus* Divine Honours: But if that Circumſtance did not occur to Mr. *Dryden*, he ſhould have known however, that *Virgil* was not capable of talking of the Senate in ſuch a Stile, at any Time, or upon any Account.

P. 45. *Nor Pity, nor ev'n Envy can be found,*
There none for Want repine, and none abound.]

I cannot by any means think, that the ill natur'd Sence, which Mr. *Dryden*, after the Commentators, has given to this Line, is agreeable to *Virgil*'s peculiar good Temper. I wiſh he had followed his Friend Mr. *May*, who underſtands it in the ſame manner as I had tranſlated it, before I ever ſaw His Verſion.

And every helpleſs Houſhold-Godmelts down.]

Hic petit excidiis Urbem, miſeroſque Penates.

Ruæus, who aſſures his Readers in his Preface, that he had not omitted the Explanation of any difficult Paſſage, has not, however, taken *miſeros penates* at all into his Conſideration. *Virgil* points at the Avarice of the Soldiery, who were ſo profligate as to deſtroy a Town for the ſake of the Plunder, and to carry away the Houſhold-Gods with the reſt of the Spoil. He calls them *miſeros penates*, becauſe they were ſo far from being able to help thoſe that worſhipped them, that they were not able to deliver themſelves from the Pillagers. This is very agreeable with the mean Opinion that the *Romans* had of the Gods of other Countries, which has been taken Notice of in a former Note.

L. 740. *And hence the Country Markets are ſupply'd,*
Enough remains for Houſhold Charge beſide.]

——————*Hinc Patriam, parvoſque Nepotes*
Suſtinet, &c.

What can be ſaid in excuſe of ſuch Verſe as this, were it from the loweſt Writer, with *Virgil* before his Eyes?

P. 47. *Nor reſts the Year, but ſtill with Fruit abounds.*]

Nec requies; quin aut Pomis exuberet Annus.

It ſeems as if *anno* was underſtood in this Place, *nec requies Anno*; in the ſame manner as, *Urbem quam ſtatuo veſtra eſt*, in the Æneid. It is very poetical to apply Labour to the Year, but if *Nec requies* be applied to the Husbandman, as it is by Mr. *Dryden*, and others, this would make the Fertility of the Seaſons to depend upon the Husbandman, which, I dare ſay, *Virgil* never thought of.

A Storm

A Storm deſcends, &c.]

This Paſſage no one of the Commentators, or Tranſlators, has underſtood, for want of attending to ruſtick Affairs. They have all tranſlated *Hyems*, *Winter*, though *Virgil* has oftner uſed it to ſignify a Storm, as may be eaſily diſcovered. By interpreting *Hyems*, *Winter*, that Seaſon is put in betwixt Summer and Autumn, which makes no ſmall Confuſion. Mr. *Dryden* has poſtpon'd it for ſeveral Lines, but ſtill he brings it in before the Vintage.

Virgil knew the Neceſſity there was to introduce wet ſtormy Weather about Harveſt Time, or elſe he could not have ſaid, in Autumn, as he does afterwards,

——— *Ubera vaccæ*
Lactea demittunt, pinguesque, &c.

P. 48. *Thus hang the ruddy Boys*, &c.]

Interea dulces pendent circum oſcula nati.

Interea ſeems to be uſed by *Virgil* here, to ſignify *ſimiliter*. That he uſed it ſo in other Places, I need only have recourſe to the laſt where we find this Word mentioned, *p.* 39.

Nec minus interea *fœtu nemus omne graveſcit.*

There every one of the Commentators, and Tranſlators, interpret *interea*, *in like manner*,

Mr. Dryden, *Thus Trees of Nature*, &c.

Catrou, On peut dire la meme choſe des Forets, *&c.*

The vigorous Off-ſpring of the virtuous Houſe.]

The Latin is an Hypallage, *Domus ſervat pudicitiam*, for *Pudicitia ſervat Domum.*

P. 49. *Septemque una ſibi muro circumdedit arces.*]

I have not tranſlated this Line at all, becauſe I am perſuaded it has been officiouſly thruſt in here, from the Æneid, by ſome Copyiſt. In this Place, it takes off from the Strength of the Paſſage; I cannot think, that *Virgil*, after having ſaid, that *Rome* was the *Glory of the World*, would add, that ſhe had *built a Wall round ſeven Hills.*

Mr. *Dryden*

Mr. *Dryden* has run this Line into a very ſtrong Hyperbole,

Which now on ſeven high Hills triumphant reigns,
And in that Compaſs all the World contains.

P. 50. *But we with diſcontinued Courſe have paſt*, &c.]

Sed nos immenſum ſpatiis confecimus æquor.

It may admit of great Doubt, whether the Tranſlation ought not to have been one *continued*, inſtead of *diſcontinued* Courſe. This depends upon joining *ſpatiis* with *immenſum*, or elſe with *confecimus*. The latter is more modeſt, and agreeable to *Virgil*'s Character, and to the Matter of Fact: For he ſeems to ſtop in ſeveral Places, particularly towards the beginning, where he applies to *Mæcenas* for his Aſſiſtance; and after the Praiſes of *Italy*; and at the Concluſion of the Deſcription of the Spring; but principally juſt before he begins this laſt Courſe, *O Fortunatos nimium!* which may be reaſonably ſuppoſed to have put his Steeds into a ſmoaking Sweat; for it is very viſible they were obliged to exert all their Fire and Strength, to run this Race in the manner which the Reader has ſeen.

L. 789. *E're hollow* Drums *were beat, before the* Breath
Of brazen Trumpets rung the Peals of Death;

It would be waſting of Time to make any Remarks upon Mr. *Dryden*'s *Roman Drums*, or the *Breath* of Trumpets *ringing the Peals of Death*: And for the ſame Reaſon, I have omitted in P. 21, and P. 30, to animadvert upon thoſe *fulſome Expreſſions*, which were taken Notice of in the Preface.

The HISTORIAN has, with great Juſtice, rapp'd Mr. *Dryden* upon the Fingers, for his abandon'd Wantonneſs of Stile, in that only Paſſage where he mentions him.

" The STAGE was DEFILED BEYOND ALL EXAMPLE:
" *Dryden*, the great Maſter of Dramatick Poeſy, being a MONSTER
" of IMMODESTY, and of IMPURITY of ALL SORTS.
Burnet's Hiſtory, p. 269.

FINIS.